CAL ROOM
AL LIBRARY
OF MICH.

DEC 13 1933

The New Statesman and Nation, December 2, 1933

LOW Caricature: James Maxton

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 145 (New Series) **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 681
DRIFTING UPHILL 684
"OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC FOR 1934" . . . 685
BUCKING THE BANKERS. By Harrison Brown . . 687
RESENTMENT. By Y. Y. 688
A LONDON DIARY 689
THE NEW THEOLOGY. By MacFlecknoe . . . 690
ARE UNDERGRADUATES INDIVIDUALS? By Frank Hardie 690
CORRESPONDENCE 690
From C. Delisle Burns; G. N. L. Cooke; Dr. C. R. Cooke-Taylor; M. L. Jacks; John Drinkwater; G. L. Schwartz; A Social Outlaw; Stephen Spender; William Grimmond; E. M. M.
A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK. By Julia Strachey . 693
JAMES MAXTON 693
ON THE ROCKS. By Kingsley Martin . . . 694
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 695
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 696
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 698
Lord Oxford in Old Age. By Philip Morrell . 700
The Royal Martyr. By Donald Carswell . . 700
Quack, Quack! Or Having it Both Ways. By Leonard Woolf 702
Protecting the Farmer 704
The Slums 704
P.'s and Q.'s 706
A Constitutional Monarch 708
New Satires. By G. W. Stonier 710
SHORTER NOTICES 712
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert . . 714
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 714
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 716

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

DISARMAMENT or rearmament? The Conference is suspended, and it is left to the Great Powers to seek a way out of the *impasse*. This is a highly dubious method, and it can only be justified by the desperateness of the situation. Diplomatic exchanges are now going on in Paris and Berlin and London and Rome. It is just possible that they may produce results; but there is no sign as yet of any formula that will square the French demand for security with the German demand for equality. Mr. Baldwin made a speech in Parliament last Monday, which sounded well and was no doubt meant to comfort us. But its reception in various quarters is not particularly encouraging. The French, fastening on his warm tribute to our old ally, hail it as a "noble" speech—and some people in France and some here are even using it as a text on which to preach a revival of the *Entente Cordiale*. The Germans pay lip service to Mr. Baldwin's amiability and scoff at his suggestion that they should come back to the League.

The Armaments Race

But this is not all. In no circumstances, said Mr. Baldwin on Monday, must we have a new competition in armaments. Forty-eight hours later his colleague, the Air Minister, was announcing the circumstances—the only too likely circumstances—in which we shall have it. Our present weakness in the air, said Lord Londonderry, cannot be allowed to continue, and Mr. Baldwin himself sobbed out the same statement in the Commons. If other nations will not reduce their air forces to our level, then we must build up to theirs. But why is it essential that we should have parity with France or Italy or the U.S.A. or Russia? Lord Ponsonby and Lord Cecil pointed out the inanity and the danger of this capitulation to the outcry of the militarist Tories, and Mr. Baldwin himself was exceedingly uncomfortable about it. What will the Germans say, he asked, when they see this country increasing its air armaments? How can they appreciate our good faith? How indeed? And what, we would ask, will be the judgment of the British people itself on its shuffling Government? That judgment is already appearing in the votes at one by-election after another; public opinion is hardening steadily against the cowardice and the hypocrisy of our foreign policy. Of the Government's attitude in the present crisis Mr. Baldwin can only say: "We must get into direct touch with Germany and find out where we all are and see what can be done and on what lines we may hope to progress." If that is their spirit there will be no difficulty in finding out where we are. We are toeing the mark for the armaments race.

The Money Battle in the U.S.A.

The "sound money" men banded together against President Roosevelt received a powerful reinforcement when Mr. Al Smith, the President's leading rival for the

Democratic nomination, rallied to their side last week-end. Since then there has been great activity on the "sound money" front, bankers and business men vying with professors and orthodox Labour leaders in demanding a return to the gold standard as a guarantee against inflation. On the other side, Senator Thomas and the monetary reformers have been no less active in propaganda, urging the President on to further ventures in unorthodox finance and calling for direct inflation. Mr. Roosevelt has said nothing at all, preferring to let the disputants answer one another. There was, however, a check to the fall in the gold value of the dollar, partly because the buying price for gold was left unaltered for a day or two by the American authorities, and partly because speculators wanted a pause in which to cover. But on Tuesday the buying price for gold was again raised and the dollar fell again, so that there is no evidence that Mr. Roosevelt has been at all influenced by the attacks directed against his policy. Apparently he means to go on with it, though the widespread opinion is that it is unlikely to succeed by itself in raising internal American prices to any great extent, or to satisfy the hopes of the inflationists. The danger, of course, is that, if it does not achieve its purpose, there may be a new "crisis of confidence" arising out of the fear of direct inflation.

Another Government in France

M. Chautemps has lost no time in forming a Government in France. The new Cabinet is in fact a reshuffle. M. Chautemps himself continues to hold the portfolio of the Interior, which he has held in the last three administrations; M. Sarraut goes to the Admiralty and M. Daladier to the War Office, whilst M. Paul-Boncour remains at the Foreign Ministry. It is round M. Bonnet and M. Marchandeau, Ministers of Finance and of the Budget respectively, that the fight will rage. This Government is admittedly a desperate attempt to balance the budget and save the franc. Composed almost entirely of Radicals, it has no majority of its own; it will have to meet the simultaneous attacks of the Right and of the Socialists. It is more than doubtful whether it can count on the support of M. Renaudel's group, and it has apparently no serious alternative to the proposal that brought down its predecessors—the cuts in civil service pay. In all these circumstances its life is likely to be short. Next week's debate in the Chamber will probably consign it to the guillotine, and prepare the way for a coalition leaning to the Centre and Right—a Government of "National Concentration," in fact, like M. Poincaré's in 1926.

The Protestant Schism

The events of the last week, and in particular the resignation of the Nazi Bishop Hossenfelder, have finally disposed of the National Socialists' hope that the Protestant Church would be quietly assimilated by the new Racial State. The group of pastors who formed an Emergency League to resist the Nazis' efforts to capture the Church are no longer on the defensive. Since the notorious German Christian meeting at the Berlin Sportpalast on November 13th, and the effort drastically to apply the "Aryan clause" to the Church organisation, the League has been fighting with increasing success. Their demand for the withdrawal of the Aryan clause was conceded by Hitler, though the concession obviously impairs the totalitarian pattern of the Nazi State in favour of the principle of a common humanity, regardless of Jewish or other blood. This was the first defeat inflicted on Hitler inside Germany since he came into power. That he should fail now to support the "German Christian" officials against the Emergency League is a further indication that the Nazis are not to have everything their own way. The atmosphere of this battle is reminiscent of the sixteenth century: the theological controversy fails to hide the old issue of freedom of conscience within a State which claims to regulate and control every individual and every group within its boundaries.

The Reichstag Fire Trial

Having admitted that the four Communists in the dock cannot have participated personally in the firing of the Reichstag, the Court has turned its attention to evidence designed to prove the "moral responsibility" of the accused. Dimitrov promptly welcomed any exploration of the political situation before the Fire: it would make it easy to show that the Nazis had contemplated an armed rising such as the Communists were accused of plotting, and it would show that the only people who stood to gain by the Fire were the Nazis. His request that Thaelmann, the imprisoned Communist leader, should be produced as a counter-balance to the numerous police witnesses and political prisoners brought forward as Nazi witnesses, has not so far been granted. It seems unlikely that a very thorough inquiry into the political situation of February will be undertaken by the Court. The one question that really remains undecided is whether it will be considered politically expedient to pass severe sentences—death or long terms of imprisonment—on these men. Their best hope is the sensitiveness of the Hitler Government to foreign opinion, which ought on this issue to be very clearly expressed in the event of a verdict of guilty against the accused.

The Unemployment Bill

The Unemployment Bill (which comes up for its second reading debate too late for us to comment on it in this issue) has already been revised at one or two points. The principal change relates to the attendance at training centres. Large compulsory powers were given in the original draft. These have now been drastically cut down, and an unemployed person can only be compelled to attend a centre as a condition of relief if he is under the age of eighteen. The cry of "Workhouses for All"—which was in any case a trifle exaggerated—has thus had most of the sting taken out of it. But the scandal of the Means Test remains, and against this the full force of the Opposition's attack will be directed. We do not hold, for our own part, that, under the present scheme of dealing with unemployment, no inquiry whatever should be made into the circumstances of any applicant. But the inquiry should be of a simple form, designed only to prevent the receipt of public money by persons who clearly are in no need of it, and confined to the individual and not used to force his relations to maintain him. Both Labour and Liberals object to the inadequacy of parliamentary control over the new central body—the Unemployment Assist-

ance Board. And on the Conservative side there are many who dislike the very principle of centralisation; they do not want the Public Assistance authorities superseded. Altogether the Bill seems pretty certain to have a rough passage.

The Housing Problem

The housing debate in the Commons on Monday again imposed on the Minister of Health the task of defending the indefensible. He talked optimistically, but a shade less boastfully, of his slum-clearance campaign, and tried to give the impression that the response of the local authorities was in general adequate. It is nothing of the sort; and even if we can get 200,000 slum dwellings demolished in the next few years that will not solve the main problem. The main problem is the abatement of overcrowding and the housing in decent conditions of a great host of the lower-paid workers at rents which they can afford to pay. The Government's policy of abolishing the Wheatley subsidies has made this infinitely difficult; it is idle to pretend that private enterprise, with the "guarantee" building society scheme, will meet the need. Sir Hilton Young himself is beginning to be shaky about it. He made two significant admissions on Monday. The building societies, he said, were at present fully occupied in the provision of small houses for sale, and the guarantee scheme was not likely to be much used till the demand for these houses was nearer saturation point. And as for the small houses to let, it might be that private enterprise could not provide them, in which case the Government would have to find other means. The sooner the Government make up their minds about what is obvious to everyone with a pair of eyes and a modicum of brain the better.

The Teachers' Cuts

The teachers who besieged County Hall on Tuesday in the hope of getting the L.C.C. to support their claim for a restoration of the ten per cent. deducted from their salaries since 1931 went away empty; for they are hardly likely to regard the resolution carried by the L.C.C. as offering them any relief. That the ten per cent. will be given back as soon as the crisis is at an end is a promise that has been repeated a hundred times by the spokesmen of the Government. The question is what the "end of the crisis" is to be taken to mean. If it signifies the financial crisis which provided the original excuse for the reductions, that is over long ago. If, on the other hand, it means merely the economic depression, may not that still last for years—even if we do not learn to regard at least moderate depression as the perpetual concomitant of capitalist production? The teachers feel that they are being fooled by the Government, and they are quite right. The Government wanted to introduce a tariff, and they did so, under cover of the financial emergency. They wanted to cut teachers' and Civil Servants' salaries, and they did that too. The emergency came in most handy as a means of giving the reactionaries their way. We hope the teachers will not take prevarication for an answer, but will go right on with their campaign to get the cuts restored. They have an excellent case, and the battle they are fighting is other people's battle as well as their own.

Death on the Roads

The figures published this week about road accidents are not startling because we knew them before. But they are intolerable. We cannot put up with a roll of three thousand persons killed on the roads in six months. The public is the more inclined to be resentful because so few of these persons are motorists. People in cars comparatively seldom kill themselves or one another. They reserve their slaughter chiefly for pedestrians and pedal cyclists, though motor cyclists pay their full share of the death-roll. Doubtless, in these cases the pedestrian (or pedal cyclist) is often technically at fault. He will step off the pavement without precaution, or appear suddenly from behind one vehicle in front of another. But this is neither here nor there—any more than the fact that, as far as can be discovered, relatively few fatal accidents can be put down to excessive speed on the motorists' part. The heavy death-roll is due to a variety of causes, all of which need tackling together. One of the more important reasons is that our roads—particularly our urban roads—were not constructed for modern traffic. The moral is not only that careless or negligent motorists should be deprived of their licences, but also that we ought to spend far more than we do in adapting our towns to the requirements of modern traffic.

Grounds for Divorce

We shall have found at least one argument for National Government if facilities are given in the present Parliament to Mr. Holford Knight's Matrimonial Clauses Bill. Our divorce laws remain in their present ludicrous condition not because any rational person has felt inclined to defend them for the past generation and more but because no party has so far found it politically worth while to risk alienating a percentage of clerical votes for the sake of remedying an admitted injustice to a comparatively small group of persons. If Mr. Knight's Bill becomes law it will not make our divorce laws sensible: it will merely remove the rank absurdities whose abolition was recommended by a Royal Commission many years ago. We doubt if anyone will really get up to-day and say that it is in the interest of religion or morality to keep together by law men and women who are in fact separated by the protracted desertion, the habitual drunkenness, the incurable insanity, or the lifelong imprisonment of one partner to a marriage. If there are any such defenders of morality we would refer them to a classical speech made by Lord Birkenhead in the House of Lords: he did not find it difficult to show that the anomalies of our marriage laws are a direct encouragement to adultery.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include a special Supplement of reviews and announcements which will form a comprehensive guide to this season's Christmas publications. It will also include an authoritative survey of the present economic situation in Germany, written by an economist of international reputation.

DRIFTING UPHILL

THE advocates of "National" Government are now going about the country in the guise of "the men who pulled us through." Trade, employment, production and security values, they tell us, are all on the up-grade, and it is all their doing. Whereas, little more than two years ago, Great Britain was facing a crisis which menaced the entire future of her economic and financial system, to-day the crisis is safely over, and the beginnings of a real recovery have been definitely and securely made. Praise, therefore, to the Premier who had the courage to desert his party in order to save the State, and praise to Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon, who stood on his either hand in the hour of trial. Only Sir Herbert Samuel has lost his halo, and is now engaged in a vain search for it among the Opposition benches.

Well, trade, production, employment, and the other leading indices of economic activity have undoubtedly improved, and are still improving; and the improvement has taken place under the "National" Government. Great Britain has weathered the financial crisis of 1931, and is now in relatively smooth financial waters, despite the stormy monetary weather in the United States. Things are in general a bit better; and one or two things have been done that have definitely contributed to the improvement. One of these was the departure from the gold standard in 1931, and another was the big conversion scheme which at length brought down the long-term rate of interest to a reasonable level. We are supposed to forget that the "National" Government came in to save the gold standard; and it is considered discourteous to point out that almost any Government, no matter what its party composition, would have taken advantage of the chance of conversion which the long depression has afforded.

Apart from these two things, what has the Government done to bring about the partial revival that has taken place? The chief claims that can be made for it are, first, that it has adopted a thorough-going tariff policy, accompanied by a large scheme of Empire preference; secondly, that it has stimulated British agriculture; and thirdly, that in most fields it has done nothing at all. It is a most important part of the present Government's policy deliberately to do nothing, on the assumption that, if nothing is done, natural forces will assert themselves to bring about an economic recovery.

We do not propose in this article to discuss the Government's tariff policy. It may be that, under the conditions of 1931, a protective policy was forced upon us because in a world riddled with Economic Nationalism and export dumping no one country could afford to maintain the open door. This is arguable; but even if it were correct, it could not possibly justify the introduction under cover of the emergency of a permanent tariff made the more difficult to modify or remove by the engagements entered into at Ottawa. And it was the abandonment of the gold standard, and not the tariff, that saved British export trade from collapse.

We do not propose, either, to pass judgment here upon Mr. Elliot's agricultural schemes. In part, these fall under the heading of protectionist measures; and, for the rest, they are in the main a continuation of the policy already inaugurated by Dr. Addison during the life of the Labour Government. They have large merits, as well as faults, and there are parts of them on which no sensible person wishes to go back.

But no one in his senses will pretend that a tariff coupled with measures for the extension of home agriculture can suffice to make Great Britain economically prosperous. Our interests are far too much bound up with the prosperity of other countries to make any such idea even plausible for a moment. Accordingly, the "National" Government's policy really stands or falls by its contention that, given a programme of protection in industry and agriculture, there is no need to do anything else, beyond leaving the natural forces making for recovery to assert their influence.

If this let-alone attitude is adopted, Great Britain will of course share to some extent in the benefits of any forces making for economic recovery in other countries, whether they arise from a similar policy of doing nothing, or from definite and positive measures designed to bring a recovery about. That there has been during the past year a partial recovery in most other countries, of much the same magnitude as we have been experiencing here, seems clear. But does our automatic share in a recovery that is proceeding over most of the world at all meet the needs of our national life? A substantial part of the revival that has taken place in recent months has been due, not to a real change in the world situation, but to a reaction from the psychological exaggeration of the depression which accompanied the financial crisis. Nations are getting used to living under a regime of emergency measures of Economic Nationalism, and to the depression itself. But the advances that can be made merely by getting used to conditions of depression are very limited. They cannot go far beyond correcting the psychological errors of the period of crisis, and assuredly they cannot avail to bring back full production and employment. Merely to wait on outside events, in the hope that, if we do nothing, other countries will so act as to make things better, or that the mere lapse of time will carry "national" recovery to a satisfactory point, offers us at best the prospect of many years of severe unemployment and under-production. It holds out no hope of a recovery, even in the long run, beyond the unsatisfactory level at which our economy stood in the years up to 1929.

This is not good enough. What the British people want is a policy that holds out the hope of a real recovery, accompanied by the absorption of the unemployed into useful work and a steady rise in the standard of living for the employed workers as well as the unemployed. The apologists of the National Government answer that the surest means of bringing this about is to keep money as cheap as possible, for both long-term and short-term uses, and that any positive policy of Government expenditure would inevitably force up interest rates to an undesirable level. It is not explained why public should have more effect than private expenditure in raising the rate of interest, or how there is ever to be a rise in economic activity without an additional demand for money. If low interest rates are our sole objective, we can best secure them by perpetuating depression; for money is likely to be cheapest where there is least profit to be made by its use.

It is, of course, true enough that the fall in long-term interest rates has given a great stimulus to the building industry, in all its private forms, and that this stimulus

is highly salutary, in that it directly helps activity in other constructional trades as well. But why did the National Government, as soon as the building industry had received this desirable stimulus, promptly go as far as possible towards cancelling its effort by abolishing the subsidies to housing? For by that method the Government took away with one hand what it had helped to give with the other.

There would doubtless be a case for the policy of abstaining from even the most useful and productive forms of public expenditure if there were any evidence that this abstention was necessary in order to keep down long-term rates of interest, and that the money thus released was being applied to the stimulation of industry through useful forms of private enterprise. But it is in fact most improbable that even a substantial increase in productive State expenditure, especially if it were financed by relatively short-term borrowing, would either cause a rise in long-term interest rates, or have any effect at all in decreasing private investment. It would be far more likely to give private investment a positive fillip, by making fresh openings for the profitable use of capital in those industries which would benefit from an increase of activity in the constructional trades. Yet housing is by no means the only field in which the policy of indiscriminate retrenchment is still in force. Leave is still being refused to build fresh schools, or to go ahead with the overdue plans of educational reorganisation. Projects of road construction and improvement are being held up, even where it will obviously become absolutely indispensable to carry them through within a few years, probably at a much higher cost than would be possible to-day, as in the case of the recently abandoned "Elephant and Castle" improvement scheme. Nothing is being done to improve the technical position of the basic industries, save in the case of hydrogenation and other schemes of coal utilisation; and the exception made in their favour is largely due to naval pressure for a higher domestic production of fuel-oil.

In short, while the economic situation is undoubtedly getting better, it is doing so rather in despite of the "National" Government than with its help; nor is there any sign of the coming of an improvement that is likely to carry this country any reasonable distance towards a real revival of prosperity. Moreover, even the gains that have been made are precarious. That they have been made at all is remarkable in face of the renewed threats of the past few months to the peace of Europe. But the plain fact is that financiers and industrialists are not looking far ahead, and, as they are disposed to discount the likelihood of an immediate war, the longer-run prospects of war or peace are of little effect on the present activity of the economic system. They may indeed to some extent speed activity up, on the principle of making hay while the sun shines.

This, however, is not the only ground on which the recent gains in world economic activity are precarious. The forced revival in the United States during the spring and summer reacted favourably on most other countries, whereas the present partial set-back in the United States has not yet produced serious adverse effects in Europe. If President Roosevelt should fail, and another crash occur in America—which is the very last thing any of us should want to happen—far more than the slow progress made during the past twelve months could easily be undone in a day.

"OLD MOORE'S ALMANAC FOR 1934"

(January to June)

January 1–7: Demand by "German Christians" for special Religious Plebiscite to declare once for all that Jesus had no non-Aryan ancestor. In view of foreign criticisms, voting is perfectly free: all voters receive Blue Ticket to indicate support of Declaration; those who wish to vote against receive, on application, Pink Ticket. In the count a Pink Ticket counts as Blue, as more in accordance with the views likely to be expressed on later reflection by Pink voters.

Paul-Boncour in eloquent speech explains that France is the soldier of humanity, and pursues undisturbed and unshaken . . . (French Government falls.)

Mr. MacDonald calls upon all patriotic Britons to put first things second and second things first, and trust the National Government.

Mr. Chamberlain regrets continued abundance of food, but points with satisfaction to rise in price of bacon. In a few years we may look forward to real scarcity, not only in agriculture but, he hopes, in manufactured goods also.

January 10; President Roosevelt announces that THE GLUT MUST BE CHECKED. There are altogether too many boots, shirt-waists and motors. The Federal Government will buy all such objects (including chewing-gum) at 5 per cent. above market price until the glut is checked. Great boom in trade. Growing instability in the dollar.

January 15: Enormous success of German Christian plebiscite—fifty million to nought.

January 20: Hitler, in a moving speech, explains that the German people want nothing but peace and equality. But how can they rest when they see the true-German (*echtdeutsch*) cities of Vienna, Warsaw, Kiev, and Prague weeping in the clutch of Czechs, Jews, Poles and Communists?

Mr. Henderson returns to the Disarmament Conference.

January 25: Sir John Simon, being questioned, says he has read Herr Hitler's speech, if not with entire agreement, at least with interest and appreciation.

Sir Stafford Cripps denounces the brutal attitude of Sir John Simon. No wonder Germany has left the League!

January 26: A deputation, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, asks the Prime Minister if he has been correctly reported, or if he did not mean to say "first things first and second things second"?

The Prime Minister says vigorously that there must be no mistake. He does not shrink from hesitating to refuse, without sincerity or prevarication, a complete reaffirmation and retraction of such professions as he may not have made clear before. Archbishop promises to reflect upon this answer.

February 1: German plebiscite decides by fifty-one millions to nought that Vienna, Warsaw, Kiev and Prague are German territory. German Christians demand plebiscite to add the words "and Galilee." Demand granted.

February 1–14: General boom in boot, motor, and shirt-waist trades. American unemployed set to making these objects. President Roosevelt makes it clear that the Federal Government will buy all those (but only those) that are 100 per cent. American. Rest of American unemployed sworn in as special constables to prevent illicit import of boots, motors and shirt-waists from Europe.

February 20: New French Government formed. Paul-Boncour continues his speech: "same consistent policy which has, throughout the whole of her glorious history, held France erect upon . . . ." (French Government falls.)

Mr. Henderson returns to the Disarmament Conference.

March 1: The University of Berlin publishes results of collective research into historicity of the Gospel genealogies. Proves conclusively that THE JEWISH NAMES ARE FORGERIES, and the place of Joseph should be taken by Germanus Sanguinolentus Horridus, Centurion of the Legion then stationed in Galilee ("Odin's Own.").

March 3: Result of plebiscite. Galilee declared German territory. (Calm in Galilee.)

March 10: The mass of boots, motors and shirt-waists in possession of the Federal Government becomes embarrassing. It overflows the bounds of District of Columbia; States of Maryland and Virginia indict Washington for nuisance. Mass still growing.

March 12: Sir John Simon says that the views of the German Government about boots and those of the American Government about Galilee have received, are receiving, and will always receive, the most careful consideration from the Foreign Office.

March 13: Sir Stafford Cripps protests. Mr. Gandhi announces that he will fast, if need be till death, unless Sir John Simon sees the light—

March 14: Sir John Simon sees it. Fast off.

March 15: German Christians announce a complete National Fast from food and drink and shaving between meals until the NAME OF JOSEPH IS EXPUNGED from Germany.

March 16–31: All persons named Joseph banished from Germany as crypto-Jews; if found in the country after seven days they will be beheaded. General Göring says that it is all very well, but no crypto-Jews shall receive passports for leaving Prussia. They will only write lies in the foreign press and say that they have been banished. Why not behead them at once? He marches through Prussia with his body-guard, beheading them.

All churches, charitable institutions, etc., bearing name of St. Joseph are sacked by S.S. and S.A. men and re-dedicated to Germanus Sanguinolentus Horridus.

March 25: Hitler, speaking at celebration in honour of the murderers of Rathenau, says that Germany has now found her soul. She only needs peace; but she can never find it while envious and revengeful France exists by her side in Europe. Holds plebiscite: that the French be required to evacuate Europe.

Mr. Henderson returns to the Disarmament Conference.

April 1: U.S.A. BOLD POLICY OF MR. ROOSEVELT. Since American shipping is mostly unemployed owing to cessation of foreign trade, while the boot-mountain is now far too large to be contained in the district of Columbia, the unemployed shall be turned to collecting the boots, shirt-waists, and motors, loading them into ships, and dumping them in the Pacific. Immense activity in transport and shipping trade. Instability of dollar becomes incalculable. Professor Einstein engaged to ascertain its approximate value and fluctuations.

April 2: Result of plebiscite. France is required to evacuate Europe. No change in France. Government continues falling as usual.

April 4: Hitler demands to know why other nations obey their own plebiscites but pay no regard to German plebiscites. Threatens General Strike unless wishes of Germany respected.

April 5: GÖRING BITES HIS BODY-GUARD. They run away barking. Panic in Europe. Czech and Polish frontiers closed.

April 6: Alarm in England; Mr. MacDonald says: "Ah, friends! Wisdom . . . patience . . . A man's a man for a' that! . . . A stitch in time. . . . Little Jack Horner . . ." Alarm unabated.

April 7: Mr. Baldwin gives public lecture on Horace. Excitement calms down.

April 8: Sir Oswald Mosley bites his body-guard. Is knocked down and given fourteen days.

The boot-mountain in the Pacific reaches the surface and forms an island, still growing rapidly.

April 20: Paul-Boncour, continuing, says: "erect upon a pedestal not of pride nor false glory, but of courage, generosity and unshaken firmness . . ." (French Government falls.)

May 1: Conservative Conference. Mr. Chamberlain says his policy has been successful. The food-shortage has already begun, while the advertising trade and the armaments trade have reached heights undreamed of before. Formerly £1,000 of trade only meant some £50 in advertisement, whereas now £50 of trade often means £1,000 of advertisement.

Mr. Henderson returns to Disarmament Conference.

The Prime Minister says it is a foul lie that the National Government has either done or not done anything which it should have not done or done, or vice versa.

May 2: COMMUNISM IN ARMY. German press reports British soldier heard singing openly "I don't want to fight," and adding, with a gross oath, that by Jingo if he did, he has got the navy and the population and the banking system in his power. Panic in Europe. Expected collapse of British Empire.

The boot-mountain, strengthened with shirt-waists, chewing-gum, and other manufactured articles bought by the Federal Government, is named "Bootwelt Island" and is about to be declared American territory, when

May 5: JAPANESE FLEET ANNEXES BOOTWELT ISLAND.

May 6: The Prime Minister says: "Well, well, well! The wurrld is full of troubles."

May 7: General Araki declares that Japan has suffered long enough. Her people starving, her finances bankrupt, she demands her place in the sun. Declares war on Russia, the United States, China and the British Empire. Invasion of Russia.

May 10: General Göring breaks his chain and declares that he is a POACHED EGG, so his enemies had better beware. His body-guard agree with loud yelps. Terror in Eastern Europe.

May 11: Sir John Simon says that the situation gives ground for certain anxieties; when General Araki said he declared war against Britain Sir John thinks that was perhaps a slip of the tongue, regrettable no doubt since it had caused the Japanese—in error—to take Hong Kong and massacre the inhabitants, but perhaps excusable in a statesman surrounded by so many pressing difficulties as our friend and late ally General Araki. He will defer further remarks till the situation is clearer. Sir Stafford Cripps says that the people of England will rise in their fury against such blusterers as Sir John Simon.

May 12: M. Paul-Boncour finishes his sentence, observing that France marches, head erect, towards the dawn. (*Applause.*) Daladier returns. French Government stops falling.

May 13: Herr Hitler is asked point-blank by the S.A. and S.S. men whether General Göring is or is not a poached egg. With deep emotion, he says he is convinced that the General is mistaken. He is not a poached egg. Fury of Göringites. CIVIL WAR IN PRUSSIA.

May 16–18: Defeat of the Japanese Army by the Russians; annihilation of Japanese navy by six million American unemployed off Bootwelt Island, where the chewing-gum and shirt-waists had got into the machinery of the ships and guns. REVOLUTION IN JAPAN.

May 19: Sir John Simon says the criminal aggression of Japan which has been a long-continued menace to the world has at last been struck down by the firmness of the National Government. He points to the success of the Government's policy all over the world. It is now felt to be time that the Prime Minister retired to a more dignified and less exacting sphere. He goes accompanied by universal affection and has accepted the title of LORD DIDDUMS OF BLESSUMS-THEN.

May 25: GRAND RALLY OF NATIONAL PARTY. Lord Diddums, presiding, says it is a foul lie to say that the Government has been lukewarm in the cause of either Disarmament or Rearmament. In fact everything they say about the National Government is a foul lie, and he wishes they wouldn't.

Mr. Elliot congratulates the farmers and manufacturers. The pig and the pin are now valued at their true worth. Famine prices may inflict some hardship at home, but we must think internationally. We have inflicted much greater hardships on our chief enemy, Denmark, and he hopes soon to deal with our second enemy, Canada. The National Government has always been international. It has vigorously

supported the great international industry of Armament Manufacture, whose unexampled prosperity is the brightest jewel in the Government's crown. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

June 1: Mr. Henderson announces that the DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE HAS REACHED AGREEMENT. Europe dumbfounded. National Government faints. Dollar, pound, peseta, li, etc., recover, and even yen kicks slightly. In despair Skoda declares war on Creusot, Vickers on Putilov, but all are arrested. Mr. Shearer commits suicide. Göring submits to be psycho-analysed. Hitler retires to Monastery of St. Germanus.

June 7: World Conference summoned by League of Nations to ratify Disarmament Convention, settle status of Bootwelt Island (which is still growing), and discuss other matters. It is resolved that:

Bootwelt Island shall be governed by a strong international Commission consisting of Messrs. Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini and (for breakfast only) Göring, with Lord Diddums as chairman.

A Presidential Election shall be held forthwith in U.S.A. and Germany, with the proviso that, to avoid dangers of nationalism, only Americans may be candidates for German Presidency, only Germans for American.

June 15: DISARMAMENT TREATY RATIFIED, abolishing for all nations the weapons classed as "facilitating invasion" by the Treaty of Versailles, and establishing permanent Committee of Supervision to make sure that the Treaty is observed.

BUCKING THE BANKERS

AT this moment, in an obscure room in Vienna, a case is being fought which many people about the world are convinced will become historic. Yet hardly a daily newspaper anywhere has even reported that the case is in progress. The Mayor and Corporation of Wörgl, in the Tyrol, are being tried for having saved their little township from starvation. If that sounds too crude let it be wrapped up in the blanket of the technical charge, which is of having broken Article 122 of the Austrian Federal law of the 14th November, 1922, by which theNational Bank is invested with the exclusive privilege of issuing banknotes.

For once I prefer the more crude description, which better fits the facts. When a starving man steals bread and is arrested the sympathy of the civilised is with the hungry against the law, from some dim realisation that the greater crime lies with a social system which permits the hunger. But the analogy is faulty. Herr Unterguggenberger, Mayor of Wörgl, had the example of Steyr and other towns before him. He did not wish to see his townsfolk reduced to eating their cats and dogs, as other little "industrialised" Austrian towns have had to do. But he did not steal bread for his community, he did not steal anything. He committed a far more heinous crime than that. He said in effect that the dogma of the financial pundits was an unholy bluff; he said that the financial system, not only of Austria, but of the world, had broken down, since it could not distribute the goods which manifestly were there to distribute. And he proceeded to defy the High Priests of the Golden Calf by setting up a system which did effect distribution so long as it was allowed to work. No wonder the thunderbolts fell, no wonder the case is not headlined.

Wörgl lies in the valley of the Inn, just above Innsbruck on the way from Switzerland to Vienna, where the valley widens out as if to stretch itself a moment between the strangling of the gorges. A settlement has existed there since prehistoric times, and an organised community since 1610. To-day, it is a typical Tyrolean market village of some 4,000 souls, with wide-eaved, balconied houses grouped round a church with sharply pointed steeple. The streets are straight, and the eye is focused down them to a view of distant mountains in a natural frame. Besides the weekly market, Wörgl attracted to itself several factories. It is a junction for the Kufstein-Bavaria line and a main-line stopping place. A railway depot became established. A branch of the international cement trust scarred a neighbouring hillside and a cellulose factory opened its doors to 400 workers. For a time things flourished. Then came the electrification of the Austrian State Railways; the steam locomotive depot was closed down in 1929. By 1931 the creeping paralysis of the economic crisis had slowed down the factories. By the summer all were shut.

It was in that year that Michael Unterguggenberger became Bürgermeister, after twelve years on the Municipal Council. He was an engine-driver on the State Railway and had been active as a Right-Wing Social Democrat. The mayoralty was a whole-time job, and no light one at that. The finances of the little place were in disorder, local taxes were not coming in, unemployment increased each week, Federal taxes were in arrears, and the roads, when I drove through about that time, were atrocious. By the early summer of 1932 bankruptcy faced the community. Then it was that Unterguggenberger rallied his mixed council of men and women, Socialists and reactionaries, to the ideas of Silvio Gesell, a German born at Aix-la-Chapelle, who made a fortune as a manufacturer of dental products in Argentina and retired in 1900 to Switzerland to write books on a "natural economic system." Gesell had declared that money had been turned from its rightful use as an exchange medium into an object of speculation, and that the chief cause of deflationary crises was the fact that fiduciary issues tied to gold did not follow the increase in productive capacity. The Mayor had long been a student of Gesell's works; his distinction lies in being the first to put them into practice.

On the 8th July, 1932, the municipality voted to issue the first "work-notes" (Arbeitswertschein), which were issued to a total of 1,800 Austrian schillings in 1, 5 and 10 schilling denominations, against 100 per cent. cover in Federal money deposited in the local savings bank at interest. The local money was put into circulation by the municipality purchasing its stores and paying its employees only in the new issue. Railway and postal business and the Federal taxes continued, of course, to be paid in Federal currency. Otherwise, in Wörgl and the immediate neighbourhood, the new money was everywhere accepted and circulated furiously.

Each note contained a space divided into twelve sections, each section marked with the name of a month. At the beginning of each month a stamp had to be purchased from the municipality to ensure the continuation in value of the note. This stamp cost 1 per cent. of the value of the note, representing an "unorthodox" tax on money of 12 per cent. per annum. In addition, when "work-notes" were required to be changed back into Federal money, a 2 per cent. tax was levied on the amount exchanged. The process was controlled by a committee consisting of the curé, the local commandant of the Heimwehr and the Bürgermeister himself. But the interest on the deposit money, the 1 per cent. which "melted" automatically each month from every note, and the 2 per cent. exchange commission were the least of the benefits of the new system.

Within a few days of the first issue the amount put into circulation had returned to the municipal coffers in payment of taxes—not only overdue taxes but even, *mirabile dictu*, taxes which were not yet due. With the same money the town began itself to pay its local debts, and again the money returns. By that time the "Wörgl money" was in full swing, its circulation increased in pace by the desire to profit by it at its full value. In three months payments to the value of 100,000 schillings had been made with 12,000 schillings' worth of notes. Before long, and for the first time since the crisis began, withdrawals from the local savings bank did not exceed deposits. A public works programme was launched and unemployment rapidly decreased. To-day the streets and roads within the area of the little town are perfect; there is a new swimming pool and a new ski-jump site to encourage winter visitors. There are new lamp-posts and the houses are

freshly painted. The fountain has been refitted and a new bridge proudly proclaims that it was "constructed in 1933 with free money by the municipality of Wörgl." Even the patron saint in his little shrine has been given a modern shelter from the weather!

Anybody who has seen what misery has stalked through Austria since the war can guess how news of the "miracle of Wörgl" spread. Not only did neighbouring villages accept the local money, but inquiries came in from municipal councils all over Austria. The Catholic clergy preached about it; one of them, recalling the role of the Tyrolese against Napoleon, declared that "again to-day the small spark struck in the Tyrol will light a blaze in which, this time, the evil power of international high finance will be consumed." The prophecy must have seemed to the Mayor to be on the way to fulfilment when, on February 17th of this year, he tuned in his radio to hear New York give a speech by Professor Irving Fisher acclaiming Wörgl as an example already adopted by more than twenty American towns, and soon, he hoped, to be followed by others. HARRISON BROWN

RESENTMENT

A GREAT man said the other day—I should say, perhaps, "is said to have said," for I was not at the meeting at which he is said to have said it—that what he liked about Hitler was the look of resentment on his face. Has resentment, then, become so rare a thing in the modern world that it stamps those who feel it with a kind of nobility? In previous generations it was almost universal, and was a passion even in the nursery. No one knows whether the first cry of the new-born infant is an expression of resentment at being born into such a world as this, but resentment certainly begins in the cradle before the acquisition of speech. Scarcely has the child begun to walk when it roars with resentment at the interference of parents and nurses. It resents being forbidden to pick up a dirty cabbage-leaf that has fallen from the greengrocer's cart into the gutter. It resents being checked from pulling the cat's tail. It resents continual washings and towellings. It resents seeing the cake it most longed for going to another child. Much of this is said to be a mark of virtue. The child who is always obedient, we are told, is as likely as not to grow up into a characterless creature. Bad boys, according to many speakers at educational gatherings, become the best men. Even if this is so, however, they become the best men only after they have got rid of their boyish badness. A father may rejoice in the knowledge that he has a bad-tempered and rebellious son, but he looks forward longingly to the time when the little devil will have learnt to control himself. When he hears that the child has bitten the nurse's arm, he may congratulate himself on the fact that he has not a milksop for a son, but he anxiously wonders whether there may not be some way of training the boy to be a little more like a milksop in his behaviour. He does not want the boy to be servilely obedient: at the same time, he tells himself that the ideal boy would be one who wanted to be disobedient and wasn't.

If the object of resentment were always or usually injustice, it might be an emotion to cultivate. Resentfulness, however, is a disposition with which we are born, and we look round for objects upon which to practise it, even if we are born under the luckiest of stars. The duke's son is as likely to show resentment as the pauper's. Life to the resentful child seems one long interference. I have heard of a little girl kicking her nurse because she was not allowed to eat flies. She was given all the delicacies an imaginative child could dream of, but the whole world was darkened for her by this one tiny prohibition. She was as resentful as Eve who, even in an earthly Paradise, thought herself ill-used because the fruit of a single tree was forbidden to her. We all know what happened as a result of Adam and Eve's resentfulness. Human history is a chronicle of the effects of it. If Adam and Eve had been what to modern eyes would seem a pair of obedient milksops, we should all be living now in a world of William Morris's Communism. Or, alternatively, we might never have been born. There are people who would prefer the second alternative.

Our first parents, having founded our interesting if needlessly unpleasant civilisation in an emotion of resentment, were soon afterwards rewarded with an extremely resentful son. There was no reason for Cain's resentment except what is nowadays called an inferiority complex. His feeling was none the less genuine on that account, however, and, giving way to it, he committed the first murder. From that time on, murder has been one of the commonest results of resentment. In a resentful mood Moses slew the Egyptian—the beginning of political assassination. In a resentful mood, a number of husbands poison their wives at the present day. It is not that the poisoned wives are as a rule more disagreeable than other wives: it is simply that the husbands are more resentful than other husbands. They resent the tie of marriage and feel that it is more respectable to perform a quiet murder than to provoke the scandal of a separation.

And it is not only private murders that are caused by resentment. Resentment is also the parent of those mob murders which are still popular in various countries. This week we had news of a resentful American mob which took two murderous kidnappers from prison and hanged them and burnt their bodies amid tumultuous rejoicings. Now, I think the mob did well to resent the crimes of the kidnappers. It might even be argued that it did well to clamour for their blood. But there is always this danger in resentment that takes the form of lynching: the mob in its fury may lynch an innocent man. Even when the man is guilty, however, what can be more odious than a mob in frenzy? It is as if all the forces of evil in human nature were concentrated in a lunatic lust to kill. The mob is not a crowd of rational men and women: it is a collection of demons. Shakespeare has sometimes been accused of a lack of democratic feeling because of his detestation of the mob; but the plain fact is that the more democratic a man is the more loathsome the mob seems to him. The democrat believes in the comparative sanity of the individual citizen; citizens congregated into a mob, however, become insane and are no more deserving of respect than a horde of mad elephants.

In modern times it is the reactionaries rather than the democrats who have cultivated and encouraged mob resentment. It was not democrats who worked up the resentment of the mob during the Boer War with the result that Mr. Lloyd George was compelled to disguise himself as a policeman in order to escape alive from a Birmingham meeting. To Mr. Balfour and other Conservative leaders at the time, the resentment of the Birmingham crowd seemed natural enough. Mr. Balfour philosophically said something about there being limits to what human nature could be expected to tolerate. Not that it is only Conservative statesmen who commend the resentment of the mob when the mob is on their own side. Crimes committed on our own side seldom seem to be entirely crimes to any of us. Feeling resentful ourselves, we feel half sympathetic towards a mob that is more actively resentful. We mutter something about human nature, forgetting that if human nature is an excuse for everything we have no right to keep hundreds of extremely human beings confined in Dartmoor.

Yet there is much to be said for resentment. If it were not for resentment there would be less justice in the world and less freedom. The French Revolution was the child of resentment; Washington, Garibaldi, Mazzini and Parnell all lived in a just passion of resentment. The resentment of the poor has benefited the children of the poor. The resentment of oppressed peoples has set them free. Even so, it is difficult to see how resentment in itself can be regarded as a virtue, since it is a passion felt equally strongly by those who are wronged and by those who wrong them. The resentment felt by the rich towards the poor has usually been as profound as the resentment felt by the poor towards the rich. I remember

many years ago how resentfully a charming old Conservative spoke of the demand of the municipal workers in a provincial town for a minimum wage of a pound a week. I have heard quite recently a charming Conservative speaking resentfully of the high salaries paid to teachers. Modern democratic progress is a story of the resentment of the rich slowly giving way to the resentment of the poor, and also, it must be added, to the resentment of those of the rich who resented the condition of the poor. Resentment, truth to tell, is in the blood of all of us. We resent even being taxed. Some of us resent the speed of motorists; others of us resent the slowness of pedestrians. If there were nothing in the world to resent we should resent having to live in a world in which there was nothing to resent.

Hence, our chief problem seems to be, not how to cultivate resentment, but how to control it. To be resentful generously is the mark of a noble nature. Above all, the man of noble nature knows when to stop being resentful. This was the secret of such men as Botha and General Smuts. Men of this type, however, have not resentment written on their faces. When the permanent expression of a man's features is resentful we begin to suspect that he is a man who is as likely to resent justice as injustice—that he will probably resent anything, indeed, that prevents him from having his own way. His resentment is about as admirable as the scowl of a sulky child. Hitler, I am sure, has many things for which he deserves praise, but the look of resentment on his face is not one of them.

Y. Y.

A LONDON DIARY

I GATHER that there is likely to be a non-party meeting of members of the House of Commons next week to go into the old scandal of the Victorian settlers who were induced by Government propaganda to go out to colonise the wide open spaces of Australia. I have myself met victims of these schemes—disillusioned men who had two objects in life—one to find a living somehow, since their capital and often the best years of their lives had been filched from them—and the other to expose the fraud and so prevent other men being defrauded. The whole results of the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 need very full investigation. If current accounts—such as that in the *Week*—are to be trusted, the Victorian scheme was certainly the most scandalous. The land offered to the settlers is said to have been already abandoned by former settlers, while the arrival of newcomers afforded the owners of the land and the politicians responsible a good opportunity for graft. The three hundred families who actually "settled" appear to have had no chance at all of making a living; after a long period of semi-starvation and ill-treatment, they were offered some very inadequate compensation by the Australian Government. I am told that they have refused the offer and are now making representations in London. I fancy they will find obstacles in their way. I doubt if Mr. Amery or Lord Beaverbrook or any of those who build up our Empire so enthusiastically from England will really be anxious for the truth to be known.

* * *

One indignant victim of the 1922 Settlement Act came to see me not long ago. He was particularly concerned because of the rumour that a new colonisation scheme was being suggested for the Northern Territory of Australia. I wish I could recount his story in detail. He was persuaded by pamphlets issued by the various authorities concerned, but chiefly by the Government of Western Australia, which stated that thousands of acres of excellent land, situated in a fifteen-inch rainfall area close to a railway line, was available for settlement, that no capital was necessary, as the Government-controlled Agricultural Bank would advance loans for clearing, fencing and water conservation, and for the purchase of machinery and stock. These pamphlets were still circulating in 1925, after the whole terms of settlement had been revised and the British authorities were still actively encouraging recruits. The land originally offered was soon used up and the new settlers were fobbed off with land that was too salt and too dry to be of any use for cultivation. My informant at one time found himself one of ninety aspirants after a parcel of very indifferent land. The settlers who did obtain land found that the fine promises were not fulfilled and they were soon hopelessly in debt, and all that could arrange to clear out did so. The stories of recent settlement schemes in Canada and New Zealand are not very much better, while many of the troubles of Kenya have been due to the fraudulent way in which officers after the war were encouraged to take up farms without adequate capital or training. Throughout the whole bad story I see no evidence that any proper attention has been paid to selecting or training emigrants. It is difficult to say which suffers the most from these half-baked schemes—the industrial unemployed from the slums of Liverpool, London or Glasgow or the public school boy who finds himself cut off from all the amenities he has been used to and who may be quite unused to manual labour. To send these men out in such conditions is the most short-sighted and in the long run the most expensive way of dealing with "surplus population."

* * *

The programme provided at the Winter Garden for Mr. Shaw's *On the Rocks* ventures

> very respectfully to remind the audience that though applause is always welcome, it may, unless it is restrained so as not to interrupt the performance, make a final fall of the curtain inconveniently late for those who have trains to catch.

I doubt if this unusual request to restrain enthusiasm could be successful; it certainly did not seem to have any damping effect when I saw Monday's performance. I suspect that this notice may have been inspired by Mr. Shaw himself, for he told a friend of mine after the first performance when he was striding away from the theatre and avoiding the call of author—that one of his great troubles was the necessity of "cutting" his plays. This one, he said, had been "cut to the bone." On Monday I noticed one passage near the end where the sense seemed to have been seriously damaged by cutting. I think that it is intended that the Prime Minister should appeal for Rooseveltian or Crippsian powers for the Crown—but that point had gone when I saw the play, and the ending was both inconclusive and ineffective.

* * *

> And before the dance music there will be a performance, by the D'Oyly Carte company itself, of an act of one of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, which are *almost as typically English as Christmas itself.*—*Radio Times.*

* * *

> The case of "the United States versus *Ulysses*"—a book written some years ago by Mr. James Joyce, the Irish author—caused Federal Judge Woolsey some embarrassing moments yesterday. Blushing as he spoke, he said:
>
> "I have studied the book very carefully and marked all the passages that might be considered obscene. But I must say I have been distressed and bothered because I seem to understand all these allusions. It is a most disturbing book."—*The Daily Telegraph's* New York Correspondent.

* * *

> Our white evening waistcoats with elastic insets in the waist-bands permit a gentleman to expand during dinner with comfort and dignity. —*Advert. in the Underground.*

* * *

> If France should leave the gold standard, taking the remaining gold countries along, either a sharp rise or a sharp decrease in the world price of gold is forecast by experts here.—*The Herald Tribune.*

* * *

> In his opinion, it was little short of amazing the way recent by-elections had gone, and they taught one lesson which was apt to be overlooked—that many electors did not know the meaning of the word "gratitude." Lord Stonehaven reported in *The Times.*

* * *

> I quite understand that the behaviour of some of the younger members of the House of Lords renders it impossible to entrust them with a share of the Government of the country. Peers who become bankrupt or marry into the lower classes cannot expect the democracy of the day to accept their votes without criticism.—A. A. B. in the *Evening Standard.*

CRITIC

THE NEW THEOLOGY

THOUGH I may be perverse, 'tis in vain that I seek
For a subject for mirth in the news of the week,
Unless there is something repaying research
In the growth of Herr Hitler's new national Church.

The move may be wise ; for if folks are allowed
To persist in the faith Martin Luther avowed,
They may also adhere (seeing habits are strong)
To their old-fashioned notions of right and of wrong ;

For if man has been made in the image of God,
To revise His Commandments seems doubtful and odd,
And it better befits the dictatorship's plan
That its God should be made in the image of man.

Yet admitting all this, there is something I find
In the process offending my logical mind,
Which admits as consistent the people who plead
For acceptance in full of the Christian creed.

And the folk who maintain it is all an illusion,
But recoil in dismay from the mental confusion
Which postulates God, then proceed to create
For His use a subordinate office of State.

MACFLECKNOE

ARE UNDERGRADUATES INDIVIDUALS ?

SPEAKING at the National Peace Congress in Oxford on July 7th, 1933, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University said that " there is a realisation of what we in this country now regard as axiomatic, the right of the individual . . . to full personal liberty." Since this full personal liberty is now denied to Oxford undergraduates we can only suppose that the Vice-Chancellor does not consider undergraduates are individuals.

The present attack on freedom of speech in Oxford is not, of course, the first. The story of three previous attempts is recounted in an admirable little work entitled *Red Oxford (a History of the Growth of Socialism in the University of Oxford)*, by M. P. Ashley and C. T. Saunders (pp. 36–39). The last of them was made in 1926, when two undergraduates who were members of the Communist Party were made to sign a pledge neither to propagate their views publicly nor even to speak of them in private conversation, on pain of expulsion from the University. There is a story of Lord Birkenhead's having asked a Head of a College to send down one of the offending Communists, and being favoured in a reply with a quotation from John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*.

Thereafter it did seem as if the only ground still to be won was the right to public discussion of questions of sex. Speeches made in the Trinity Term of 1931 by Lionel Britton and Dr. Norman Haire met with the disapproval of the Head of a Women's College, and in the next term an inwardly amused official of the Labour Club was asked by an outwardly worried Proctor whether Vera Brittain, who was billed to speak on *Marriage and the State*, was likely to be for or against marriage. It was decided that her remarks were to be limited by a formula which was subsequently to be devised. But the task of finding an adequate formula proved, of course, insuperable—except for the weak statement that she was to be asked to take care to avoid giving offence. Since then there has been the banning of *Salome*, and the banning of the Ellen Wilkinson meeting, which last, it was explained, was due to a mistake.

But, so far, no attempt has been made to bring out the more permanent as opposed to the merely transient importance of the present controversy. In a world which seems to be falling in ruins about his head the undergraduate is less and less inclined to spend his years at the University quietly preparing himself for the career of his choice. The undergraduate who sees before him, as so many now do, only a prospect of unemployment naturally turns his attention to a consideration of the reasons why that is all that is offered him. In consequence, the contrast between the foreign student who is often an active leader in the politics of his country and the English undergraduate who usually is not politically conscious is more and more becoming a thing of the past. If the world crisis continues to grow more acute the English type of University will tend to approximate to the Continental. It is this process which is now being seen at work at Oxford. The question for the future is whether the authorities will try forcibly to impose the principles laid down by Vice-Chancellor Farnell in his famous letter to Miss Hardy (quoted in *Red Oxford*, p. 37), namely, that the object of being at a University is " the increase of knowledge through honest study " and not " taking violent sides in violent political controversies."

It is unfortunate that this question seems likely to arise at a moment when on account of the great losses of the War it will be harder than ever to bridge with mutual sympathy and understanding the gulf between youth (the undergraduates) and age (the authorities). The " King and Country " debate at Oxford, and its repercussions, showed that this gulf was now abnormally great. The younger generation of undergraduate age to-day is deeply suspicious of cant. For their elders that phrase, and that kind of phrase, apparently still has a reality of sentiment. The " King and Country " affair also showed the existence for the first time of something like a student political movement of national dimensions. Finally, it showed that the problem of defending the right of free speech in the Universities is not only an Oxford problem. At Nottingham and Sheffield the authorities intervened to prevent " King and Country " debates. Oxford, however, has news-value. If her authorities ban a meeting in order to avoid a mole-hill of publicity, the mole-hill grows overnight into a mountain. Undergraduates in provincial Universities cannot in this way rely on powerful outside interests to spring to their defence if their liberties are endangered. It is there that those who realise how supremely important it is at this moment of all moments to stamp out the least trace of illiberalism, especially in universities, most need to be on their guard.

FRANK HARDIE

Correspondence

THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Mr. Joad in an article, and Professor Catlin in a letter, in your last issue, both propose an armed force under an international authority as a means of securing peace. Both also refer to the same imaginary historical analogy—" the king's artillery " against " the barons." But the basis of domestic peace was not and is not artillery, but law—having moral authority long before there was any " force " to support it against criminals. The characteristic of a " police " is not superior force, but moral authority.

Mr. Joad gives " a fleet of bombing aeroplanes " to a mysterious " international authority over the sovereign States." What is lacking is not armed force, but moral authority in any international body. Some of us have been trying to increase the moral authority of the League during the past fifteen years ; but the chief Governments of the world seem now to have dissipated what little of such authority the League had acquired. Four of the seven Great Powers are now outside the League ; and one at least of those within it is by no means enthusiastic in support of it. As for the two other Great Powers now dominating its Council, each holds by military force a large empire of subject peoples—of course, for their good ! And these two Powers support the trade in arms for private gain. The two other great exporters of arms for private gain are two " Democracies." Dictatorships may indeed advocate war ; but " Democracies " supply the means for making war to all and sundry. Where then is the international authority to which we can entrust armed force for peace-making ? I do not believe that killing some people in order to terrify others would add very much to the moral authority of the body that did it. But the discussion about an armed force can well be left until there is the smallest sign of an international body with any moral authority that would not be regarded by its possible victims as only the old gang with a new and more creditable name. If I am to use the current false analogy, what is lacking is not the artillery but " the king," and we cannot avoid that difficulty by presenting artillery to our favourite " barons."

Again, in protest against the Versailles Treaty, Hitler claims equal status for Germany. He does not think that the status of a nation is reduced by ejecting its scientists and incarcerating those who advocated peace : what reduces status in his eyes is to have ten machine-guns instead of twenty, that is, to be a " second-class " nation. And the majority in all the Great Powers

agree with him. A "second-class" nation, like Norway or Switzerland, is one which has to rely upon persuasion for the maintenance of its claims. A "first-class" nation relies upon its own armed force! Even the good parts of the Versailles Treaty have their moral authority undermined by the method of drafting without negotiation and of enforcing signature; but the first essay in that kind of policy was made by the Germans at Brest-Litovsk. What Hitler wants is Brest-Litovsk instead of Versailles; and I fail to see any difference in principle between them. There is no moral authority in international affairs.

But the real objection to the idea of a "police force" is that, for practical policy, it is a red herring and not a very red one, with Lord Allen at the other end of the string! Those who prefer peace to war would do better if they left off discussing what may happen at the Greek Kalends or what they will do when their efforts to prevent war have failed. Can we not concentrate upon what we can do *now*? We do not need any more noble professions of peace from Governments. There is no international authority; but there is an actual accumulation of war material going on and a rapid preparation of manufacturing capacity for shells and bombs—not in Germany only. Modern war cannot be prepared in a night. But we can prevent, or at least hamper preparations now by an agreed and universal inspection of armed forces and war material, and by the control of the private manufacture of arms. Licences only control export. We need to control also the touting for orders for arms. If any Government showed any sign of agreeing to that sort of policy there would be some hope that its professions of love for peace were honest.

C. DELISLE BURNS

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Hardie in advocating the use of force by an international authority even if this means a diminution in the power of national authorities. But there is no international armed force at present and little prospect of one in the near future. What are we to do meanwhile?

Mr. Hardie, apparently, would offer no armed resistance if an aggressive Germany invaded England. Still less, presumably, would he desire this country to go to war with Germany if she invaded Poland and France or with Japan if she attacked Australia. Surely this attitude is a direct encouragement to militarists in Germany and Japan.

G. N. L. COOKE

15 Davenant Road, Oxford.

SIR,—Mr. Joad, in a long and lucid article entitled "The Pacifist's Escape from a Dilemma," is singularly unclear on a most vital point. He says, "If Germany refused to co-operate in safeguarding peace by entering such a convention (to disarm), then she would be regarded as a menace to the world's peace and treated accordingly, *before* she has rearmed."

What gigantic possibilities does that word "accordingly" cloak! Does Mr. Joad mean that on Germany's refusal to sign a disarmament convention, with whose terms she didn't agree, the world should send fleets of aeroplanes over defenceless German cities to bomb all and sundry? This would be a "War to end War" with a vengeance. Accordingly, a Pacifist's escape from a dilemma is into a policy of frightfulness!

C. R. COOKE-TAYLOR

Dulwich.

[We have only been able to publish a small selection from the letters on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE O.T.C. AND THE MILITARY MIND

SIR,—The letter from "An Undergraduate's Parent" leads me to make the following observations. In the summer holidays of 1932 we entertained here for a fortnight 140 boys, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, of four different nationalities. Twenty-five of these were Germans. In the course of conversation they asked me more than once whether the O.T.C. was a popular institution in the school, and expressed great astonishment when I gave it as my opinion that on the whole it was not. They told me that if they were allowed such an institution in their schools it would undoubtedly be the most popular of all school activities: the mere fact of its being forbidden made it much to be desired. Something must doubtless be allowed for the military mentality of the German, but no doubt was left in my mind that the attractiveness of the soldier's profession had been greatly enhanced by the prohibitory measures of the Treaty of Versailles. I believe that boys are the same the world over, and that what has happened in Germany might well happen here: forbidden fruit does not become sour grapes. War-mindedness must certainly disappear from our educational system; but it does not disappear with the disappearance of all military institutions. Your correspondent makes the common mistake of confusing the military with the militaristic: the latter has been encouraged in Germany by the suppression of the former: and for many boys the military activities of the O.T.C. act as a powerful antidote to anything like a war-spirit. I am not here concerned with the defence of the O.T.C., but merely with pointing out a common confusion of thought.

M. L. JACKS,

Mill Hill School, N.W.7. Headmaster

SAMUEL PEPYS

SIR,—Your reviewer of Mr. Bryant's book on Pepys begins his notice as follows:

> It is extraordinary that, although *Pepys's Diary* has for over a hundred years been among the most popular of English books, there should until now have been no full-length biography of its author. Mr. Bryant's raising of Samuel after an interval of 300 years is, therefore, very welcome.

In 1930 Messrs. Heinemann published my *Pepys, His Life and Character*, a substantial volume of over 360 pages. It was widely and favourably noticed in the press. My opening paragraph was:

> My purpose in this book has been to present a portrait combining in one figure the Pepys known to his own generation as a distinguished civil servant and a connoisseur of liberal tastes, and the Pepys known to later ages as a Diarist of unique attractions.

The New Statesman, in a very generous review (November 29th, 1930), quoting this announcement of my design, observed:

> Mr. Drinkwater has accomplished with consummate skill the task which he has set himself in this book.

9 The Grove, JOHN DRINKWATER

Highgate Village, N.6.

OH, YEN!

SIR,—I was fascinated by the descriptive economics presented in Critic's diary of last week. According to his version an English manufacturer successfully marketed a double-vaned toy windmill at 6*s.* 6*d.* a gross, whereupon a German competitor cut in with a triple-vaned article at the same cost. This attack was rebutted by the depreciation of the £ which, as he implies, was a straightforward honest-to-God piece of monetary policy conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen. The depreciation of the yen, a very different and sinister affair, brought in the Japanese at 3*s.* a gross wholesale, whereupon the shopkeepers, disdaining the halfpenny trade at a 100 per cent. margin, dropped the article. They could, of course, have kept quiet and charged the former penny price, but this would not have been playing the game. Thus honour was satisfied at the slight cost of administering a cuff on the head to quieten any proletarian brat which howls at Christmas time for a toy windmill.

Even the technocrats did not pursue to its logical conclusion the process by which everything might become so cheap that nobody could be bothered to sell anything. Obviously the best method of countering the cant which hails as a benefactor the man who grows two toy windmills where one has grown before is to send off the perpetrator with two fleas in his ear instead of one.

G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.W.

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—"Erin," I am sure, must be a Government official, because his epistolary style is so comically English. He, like so many of the comfortable classes, confuses the theory of British Poor Law with practice; there is as much difference between the two as between law and justice. Hazlitt once said, "It is provoking to hear people at their ease talking reason to others in a state of violent suffering."

"Erin" says that the Relieving Officer would instantly make provision for the necessities of life and a reasonable rent. What does he call reasonable? The "National" Government has directed all its efforts towards making this a land fit for landlords and moneylenders to live in, so it cannot be expected that reasonable rents thrive in this country. The only relief such as I shall ever get will be when I am brought almost to the gutter. If your correspondent doubts this, let him go out into the world and try his hand at getting relief, as Mrs. Cecil Chesterton tried to get a job.

The Court of Referees told me that in the case of a youth who had not been of insurable age long enough to get the necessary

stamps the dole would probably be granted, so that what I stated in my letter was correct; if I had been younger I should probably have got the dole. Further, I applied to the Relieving Officer, and he referred me back to the Labour Exchange. That is the Great British Method; let "Erin" read *Our Mutual Friend* and he will understand what I mean.

The fundamental sin of the English (and I am one of them) is hypocrisy. We dope our conscience with that gem of Blackstone's, "There is no man so indigent or wretched but he may demand the necessities of life from the State." All the poor wretches that are wandering about the country at the present time, all those who sleep on the Embankment, all those who end their unhappy existence by suicide, are fools. There is always something they might do, according to our Grand Theory, by means of which all their wants would have been freely supplied by the State.

The truth of the matter is that a comfortable income envelops its lucky owner in a world of make-believe, but it is the real world of barbarism and ruthlessness that has to be faced by people of my type. A SOCIAL OUTLAW

THE USE OF POETRY

SIR,—My recent review of *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, contained this sentence: "In his references to religion Mr. Eliot is content always with innovations." The last word "innovations," was a misprint for "invocations."

25 Randolph Crescent, W.9. STEPHEN SPENDER

POOR PAINTERS

SIR,—I am not qualified to take sides in the dispute about the Castle Howard "Holbein": I have, however, read the recent correspondence on the subject with some interest, and "Critic's" paragraph in "A London Diary" with considerable surprise. Those who support the portrait's authenticity may have an excellent case, but it is surely not improved by "Critic's" summarily rejecting—on behalf of European culture—Mr. Kelly's "jury" as a set of "very poor painters." It is not too much to say that, apart from Mr. Wilson Steer (whom "Critic's" indictment graciously spares), there are at least three of the "self-appointed artists" who have achieved—in spite of being mere professors—very considerable things as painters. In dismissing with such casual scorn the achievements of men like Professor Henry Tonks and Professor Brown, who with Mr. Wilson Steer are directly responsible for a very significant revitalisation of contemporary British art, "Critic" only exposes his own incomplete awareness of what has been going on for the last thirty years.

I submit that all these gentlemen have at any rate earned the respect of their fellow artists and would be considered good painters by any standards other than those of the man in the street, for whom artistic reputations are measured by the amount of newspaper space they can command. WILLIAM GRIMMOND

28 Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.3.

IPHIGENIA IN OXFORD

SIR,—In his notice of *Iphigenia in Aulis* done last week by the Oxford University Opera Club, Mr. Turner remarks that the poor quality of the ballets reflects seriously on the women's colleges of Oxford, where music and dancing are not taught. May I be allowed to point out that no member of the ballet was a woman undergraduate, while the choruses, which he justly praises, were almost entirely composed of men and women undergraduates.

Oxford. E. M. M.

Miscellany

A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

AFTER ten years spent in London, Naomi Cotton one day surprised her friends by announcing that she had bought a cottage in a remote part of the country, and intended settling down in it for good.

"Yes, it is true," she told them. "I sold my furniture shop last Friday. And after to-morrow I shall be lost to the world for ever—like a needle in a haystack. No one will ever find me again."

In order to tease her friends she did not mention the beautiful spare rooms she had furnished in her cottage, in the hopes of having one or other of them always staying with her on a visit. Instead, shaking her head with perverse melancholy, she kept repeating that she would soon be a mere needle in a haystack.

The following week saw her settled into her cottage, and beginning the new life in the country.

During the first month, each morning when her breakfast was over, Naomi would stand at the kitchen window, and stare in wonder across at the wintry downs. So long accustomed to the racket of life in London, she was really amazed by the dark and silent hours of November, where the only sound over the whole countryside was the ticking of her own kitchen clock. When she walked through the twilit lanes of winter curtains of dampness so misted over trees, downs, and sky alike that she could not distinguish one thing from another. In vain she tried to get a glimpse of the country. Even walking along the tarred main road on the higher ground, white vapours drifted continuously across her pathway, and through the shifting mists only one or two ghostly cows could be seen, standing motionless in the wet fields. The blurred, sloping downs on her left, and the flat fields on her right, all confused as they were in the dark steely haze of winter, seemed the landscape of a dream, and her own cold face alone seemed real, especially the icy tip of her nose. No one was alive, no sound came from anywhere; and only the occasional elms by the roadside loomed up suddenly at her out of the dripping fog. In silence she stared at their wet black boles as she passed them, noticing amongst the white vapours clouding their branches one or two small birds hopping up and down soundlessly on the damp twigs, as if to warm themselves.

On her return from these walks, Naomi re-entered her cottage in a stupor. And she was at once overcome by pangs of hunger so terrible that she trembled all over with the virulence of her desire, and could scarcely support her legs along to the larder. Once there, however, she seized on to cold sausages, iced birthday cake, and cold macaroni pudding, and dispatched them one after another with the taut and crunching jaws of a crocodile. When the meal was over she would immediately fling herself down on the armchair in the sitting-room and begin piling logs upon the fire.

The sitting-room was soon aswim with heat and lamplight, and Naomi felt the hot atmosphere lie along her cheeks and forehead, solid as velvet. At this hour she felt herself snug as a baby in a cradle, and viewed the whole world through a kind of delicious fleecy veiling; and she would spend the remainder of the evening staring upwards at a motionless beetle upon the ceiling. Later, after she had bought her white kitten, she would sit beside that all the evening, and watch its stout sides heaving in slumber hour after hour.

Later on, the fogs lifted. And then, bereft of their white mufflings, the muddy fields and empty downlands appeared laid out stark and stiff under the iron sky as under the lid of a coffin. And the clammy perspiration of death lay over the surfaces of the decaying haystacks, on the wooden gate tops, and over the iron saddles of derelict reapers, glinting a chilly violet. The very air seemed dead, like air in a deserted attic.

On freezing nights, staring out from her bedroom window at the village in the moonlight, something spectral seemed to have drawn near to Naomi. In the black of the night the polished roofs and the long white roadway appeared incandescent, lighted up from the inside. She was reminded of what she had seen in her larder one night—a putrefying mackerel alight all through with phosphorus, shining on the dark shelf with the same ghostliness as did the village.

"They say the moon is dead. It looks it," thought Naomi. "And what an unholy energy it radiates all round it!"

Overhead a sheet of violently flashing stars covered the sky, but these did not seem ghostly to Naomi as the moonshine did.

Next, the white kitten caught eczema. And it seemed unable to throw it off. Day after day Naomi watched it

frisking about the cottage with its head threaded over with vaseline.

Out of doors also bushes and vegetables began to frisk about under a terrible ravaging, for a violent gale set in. Black clouds chased each other full tilt across the sky and everything was in a turmoil. The wind hurled itself on to Naomi's cottage, hugged it, squeezed the breath out of it, and never stopped flogging at its sides with sticks and ivy-trails for three whole weeks.

When at last a lull came one sunset Naomi ventured out for a walk once more. Beside the garden paths lay elm branches and muddy lettuces which had been uprooted by the storm. In the sky black piles of cloud had been left, tumbled and stacked up anyhow; and in the middle of them a huge rent had been torn in the shape of a hammer, through which glared angry red fire, and all round the hammer the clouds were illuminated with red also and took on a variety of monstrous shapes and sizes. But Naomi still walked abroad in the country as she had walked in London, that is to say, trying the whole time to spell out and make sense of what she saw before her—satisfactory enough in London when faced with the advertisement hoardings and shop windows, but unsuccessful with the mountains, the moonlit villages and the thunder clouds of the country. And Naomi returned from her walks feeling baffled. She was at this time much oppressed by the senseless shapes of the hills and valleys, and often a longing overcame her to dig the whole world over again. She wished to start afresh with logically constructed mountains, and with lighting, climate, and so on, all in useful working order. The cat, too, annoyed her at this period, for its eczema got much worse instead of better, until its head was finally bald. The sight of a bald cat inside her house was even more oppressive than the spectacle of unruly nature outside it.

In such a mood Naomi travelled up to London one day to visit her friends, and to soothe herself with the sight of the logical works of the hand of man once more.

But a painful surprise was in store. When she arrived again in London—the long-known home of her youth and childhood—she failed to recognise it. It was changed. It was gone, in fact.

In Naomi's memory London had been a dignified city, consisting of blocks of flats, public parks, banks and so forth, in which her friends lived and had their being, and in which centred all that was most valuable and interesting in life. But on this, her first visit as a guest to London, all these things managed to elude her; and like snow that rapidly melts, her friends and her dignified city slipped right away between her fingers and she never found it. All she beheld upon that day was merely a never-ending string of objects. In the streets (through the shop windows) rolls of carpet, puffs of pastry, cameras, men's trousers, vacuum cleaners, picture postcards, cigarettes, forks, knives and footballs. Upon her friends: buckles, buttons, horn spectacles, glittering finger nails, leather pochettes, round ringlets of hair, cigarette cases, eyes, noses and umbrellas.

Here was the reverse side of the coin with a vengeance! In the country everything had seemed to be significant, though she was puzzled to find out a name for this significance. She could never explain in the country what the point of anything actually was. Now in London she could tell the point of every object immediately, but could not feel any of the significance.

But it was her friend's conversation which was above all like a nightmare. After only six minutes' conversation with the first person she had already learnt the following facts about her circle: A had suddenly swollen up and died on the foregoing Tuesday. B had been for some time in prison. C had been blackmailed and his reputation and business ruined. D had become a diver, had had a fight with a deep-sea eel and had his toes bitten off. F had run away from her husband with G, and the week after had given birth to a daughter by H, who was christened I (but who in reality looked very much more like J than either F, E, *or* H, my dear). K had retired to a home for dope fiends. L to somewhere even worse. M, beautiful M, had had all her teeth removed, and Jack Robinson! her looks had disappeared completely. The same conversation was repeated with each one of her friends, and Naomi was obliged, after the fifth friend, to get up suddenly and leave the house. She felt a sinking sensation and her head was spinning. For all this information received she had only been able to think of one piece of news in return to give them—the news of her white kitten's eczema; but this had seemed to her to be redundant after the first minutes of these London friends' gossip, and so she had left them all with the topic still untouched upon.

"I am indeed a needle in a haystack! Just as I said I would be. Lost. Utterly lost," ruminated Naomi confusedly on her way back to the railway station. And in passing a chemist's window she saw her reflection in the mirror. Dowdy, baggy, fuzzy and bemused-looking in her country clothes, she fancied abstractedly that they must have bought a distorting mirror from some fair, and placed it for advertisement in the shop window. But she saw the same pulled-out-of-shape being later, upon the window frame of her railway carriage. It was fuzzier than ever and showed gliding gasometers and suburban chimney pots through it like a ghost. "A fuzzy ghost caught up in a railway carriage window," pronounced Naomi, trying with all her might to focus the image which stood between her and the outer landscape. Trees and small streams began flying through it. "Lost! Lost! whilst attempting to fly from the old world to the new. . . . Most unfortunately caught in Limbo, that's the trouble." The white kitten came into her mind. "That cursed eczema! I have bought a new patent medicine, however, and we will see what *that* will do," she told her reflection. But the ghost stared back in silence, whilst cows and fields of turnips began flying helter-skelter through it.

JULIA STRACHEY

JAMES MAXTON

LIKE Mr. Gandhi, Mr. Maxton has worn the King's uniform. One would give something quite valuable to have seen him marching or drilling with the First Lanark Volunteers (Glasgow University Company) to which about a quarter of a century ago he belonged. Had he in those days any notion, as he smartly formed fours at the sergeant-major's command, that he was ever likely to go to prison for defying his King and Country, that he would ever live to become the best known revolutionary figure in the nation and the most popular of all preachers of pacifism and internationalism? It is odd to reflect that James Maxton was a Conservative leader at Glasgow University at the same time that Walter Elliot was a leading Fabian.

Perhaps he was a misfit then; he is unhappily circumstanced now. He got himself born inopportunely. Intended by nature to be the first orator of the British revolution, he is handicapped by the lack of any British revolution in need of an orator. Had there been, he would have been its perfect Camille Desmoulins. He would have been the inspired spokesman of the insurgent people and by right of nature a leading member of the revolutionary Government. But that kind of revolution is out of date, and Maxton, who has written a discerning study of Lenin, was born the very antithesis of a Bolshevik.

Talk in the House of Commons lobby is apt to turn on the reasons why Maxton will never be Prime Minister. He might have been if—if he weren't so lazy, or, as others put it, so uncompromising—in other words, if he had been somebody else. But it is in fact as easy to picture Shelley as First Lord of the Admiralty. One does not become Premier—unless one is a Conservative with the luck of Mr. Baldwin—without thrusting, without strategy, without far-sighted craft. These things are not in Maxton. One can imagine most things in politics but not Maxton changing sides or playing for his own position.

Therefore he remains an orator, the finest probably in the country and in the English-speaking world. His voice has a

compelling quality that MacDonald's never had at its best. He begins with a splutter and ends with a shower of radiant stars. In the midst he will pause for an instant to replace with a feminine gesture an errant lock of black hair that has escaped from its proper place behind his right ear. Unlike most rhetoricians, he has rich humour; he will jest in the House of Commons about himself and the size of his own party—which now numbers two besides himself. His occasional exchanges with Mr. Thomas are a delight to everybody. Occasionally he will tell a story—of his experience, for instance, in Calton Gaol, Edinburgh, during the war. At exercise one morning an old lag whispered to him: "What are you in for, mate?" "Sedition," said Maxton out of the corner of his mouth. "Why didn't you marry the girl?" asked his fellow-prisoner indignantly. But to suggest that Maxton's humour has anything to do with anecdotage is altogether misleading. The native humour that salts his speeches cannot be quoted. It surprises and delights you in a sudden whimsical phrase; it saves the most sophisticated from the bathos and disillusion that come when an orator has led his audience to the mountain tops and leaves it to come down to earth as best it may.

In the House of Commons he has been making good speeches for eleven years. It is sad to think that probably not one of them has deflected a single vote from one lobby to the other. Members used to fill the House to hear him. Now if they are at dinner they do not bother. They will have another opportunity soon. They have taken his measure and know how to deal with him. Unopposed, they know that he is not dangerous.

The ruling class in this country has various ways of dealing with revolutionaries. Where it cannot buy them its usual method is flattery. But Maxton has refused the "aristocratic embrace"—he makes a rule of never dining with rich men—so they have found another way. They have made a House of Commons character of him. He is their raven-headed pirate, a Captain Hook, who waves a menacing finger but who, every one knows, is really the most lovable of good fellows. They treat him as an institution and an entertainment; they like to show him off to foreigners as a proof that England can produce orators too. It is a point of honour among them to "appreciate" Maxton's burning sincerity. Are they not tolerant? Does any one doubt that they "understand the working-class point of view?" His presence in the House, they will tell you, "raises politics to a higher plane." Of course "he is hopelessly impractical" but "how sincere, what an idealist!"

So it comes about that a set speech by Maxton in the House of Commons is like the first night of a play. There is the hush, the emotional tension. No one ever attempts an answer to his dramatic, vehement and unanswerable indictment. If what he has said is true, most of his listeners would be better dead. They pay just about as much attention as they do to the pointed jests of a Shaw play. They troop out, saying "Very fine, very fine," and it is raining, and they catch their taxis and get down again to the serious business of life which they have enjoyed forgetting under the orator's spell.

ON THE ROCKS

AT the Reichstag trial last week Van der Lubbe remarked that he thought the trial had lasted long enough: there had been enough talk and he wanted a sentence, preferably of death or twenty-one years' imprisonment. Mr. Shaw feels a similar impatience: he has watched the democratic farce long enough, and tells us in *On the Rocks* that it is time we cut the Parliamentary cackle and took our punishment like men. It would be idle to pretend that the intellectual quality of this play is equal to the best of Shaw. If one compares it with one of the earlier long discussion plays—and this is one of the longest and it is made up wholly of discussion—it is obvious, for instance, that there is more jocularity and less wit than in *Getting Married* or *Misalliance*. One finds with some surprise that the rather obvious joke about Guy Fawkes as the one man who really knew what to do with Parliament—a joke which made, I believe, its first appearance in this paper two years ago—is repeated and underlined in this play. This ragging of democracy is amusing enough, but it is easy money—and so would the ragging of dictators be if ragging were allowed under dictatorship. Mr. Shaw uses a very broad brush; and the rare moments when his touch is subtle remain in one's mind when most of the fun is forgotten. Left alone in the room, the Prime Minister, a worn-out shell with a lovely voice and a memory for the accustomed phrases, sits down and rejoices that he has a minute's "peace." A few seconds' later his reverie turns automatically into a rehearsal for a speech about world peace to be delivered before the assembled clergy at the Church House. The tragedy of a man who never has time to think and who always has another engagement could scarcely be better conveyed. In that momentary touch of genuine drama Shaw does more to get over his point about the damage of public life to men who once had minds than in several hours of declamation. The proportion of such drama is certainly smaller than it used to be in Shaw, and it is to be noticed that in this play he actually allows some characters to carry off the honours of argument without exploding their pretensions in the moment of triumph. The excellent Mr. Hipney, the Captain Shotover and the best character in the play, is not shown up as being dependent on a supply of rum in the background. He is allowed to be solid all through, the "one politician who has learnt anything from experience"—what he has learnt being that Parliament was well enough until we had adult suffrage and now would be better abolished; that liberty is "twaddle"; that the coming revolution must be led by a man who believes in it with his heart, not only with his head; that the right system would be not to abolish democratic choice altogether, but to give people the pick of several trained and qualified dictators; and that the revolution must be socialist and yet not Marxist, since the working classes are hopelessly divided amongst themselves. The conclusion of the play is that any strong man who can make people believe that he can give the unemployed work may do as he likes. The remedy for our ills is socialism, but an English socialism. The unemployed who break the windows as the curtain falls sing not "The Red Flag" but "England Arise."

Most of the play is devoted to rubbing in the hopelessness of democracy and the characters are admirably chosen for that purpose. The Prime Minister (an enormous part admirably played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen) is shown by a woman healer (Miss Fay Davis) that he is suffering not from overwork, as he and others imagine, but from underwork—from the effects of always talking and never allowing his brain time to think. (The Russians, according to Mr. Shaw, have a special Cabinet for thinking). He leaves his secretary (the part is particularly well played by Miss Phyllis Thomas) and his wife and family and the Cabinet, and the House of Commons and the deputations and public meetings, and goes into a retreat for a fortnight, armed with the works of Karl Marx whom, curiously enough, he had never heard of at Oxford. He returns to confront the Cabinet with a full-blown Socialist programme which, however, include bribes for the various departments. The Cabinet Ministers are well cast: Lawrence Hanray is a terribly convincing Duke of Doomsday, Norman MacOwen a very canny vote-catching President of the Board of Trade, while Mr. Charles Carson as Sir Dexter Rightside, the leader of the Conservatives in the Coalition, is deliciously supported at the critical moment by the beet-root faced Admiral Sir Bemrose Hotspot, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who sheds a tear when he remembers that "Dexy was at school with me" and on that ground supports him in breaking up the National Government. Significantly enough, the one really effective person in this Cabinet is not a politician but the Chief Commissioner of Police—a dapper, definite and determined young soldier, played with great success by Mr. Walter Hudd.

It has been said that this is a "Fascist" play. That, I think, misstates Mr. Shaw's intention. It warns rather than advocates. Make up your mind, he says, that Parliament, as you now know it, cannot be the instrument of salvation. Devise a constitution which gives scope to personal and national loyalty, but do not imagine that it can succeed without transformation of the social order. The one good element in democracy—the safeguard it offers against inefficiency and cruelty on the part of a particular dictator—can be secured by a system (of intelligence tests perhaps ?) which would ensure that the ruler had at least the necessary qualification for governing. Go boldly ahead with your revolutions and do not stop for any thought of liberty. People want to be told what to do. They want rulers; they do not mind losing liberties they have discovered to be valueless. At this point Mr. Shaw seems to feel a momentary chill. Must we, he asks, throw out the baby with the bath-water? Let us put Mr. Shaw's question more explicitly. Can we effect the necessary economic changes without setting up a form of government which will stop Mr. Shaw writing plays, and which may indeed outlaw all the free life of the mind? KINGSLEY MARTIN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Acropolis"

Fortunate playgoers who managed to see *The Road to Rome* a few years ago in London before, to the scandalising of all right-thinking men, it failed, will throng—if so few can "throng"—to Mr. Robert Sherwood's new play at the Lyric. With the names of Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey as additional bait, it may be hoped that others too will be drawn there, and our old disgrace wiped out. For with all its faults, which we may considered at our leisure, *Acropolis* is still a tremendously exhilarating play—a play which provides that all-too-rare thrill, the sensation of being in contact with a live vivid intelligence. It eschews all cheapness of appeal, it offers little or no concession to the simple-hearted trickery of the playhouse, the slipshod emotional juggleries with which we are all so very familiar. But in terms of ancient Greece it offers you a restatement of the age-old conflict between the arts of peace and the vanities of war. Mr. Sherwood's story is not pedantically accurate, and his characterisation tends towards symbolism. But Cleon, ambitious, brave, thick-headed and unscrupulous; Pheidias, the artist, fierce only in defence of his creations and dreams; Anaxagoras, the placid sage; and Aspasia, queen of pleasure, grace and beautiful living, are never clichés. They are individual creations whose singleness of purpose are necessary for the debate.

A debate it is, but an inconclusive one. When Cleon gets his way, and Athens is plunged into war, it is not enough that Pheidias shall look towards the finished Acropolis before drinking the hemlock, that Aspasia shall contrast the building's permanence with the turmoil of the Spartan camp below, and that Anaxagoras shall, with a single gesture of submission, shatter the confidence of the Assembly that wants his blood. Their spiritual victory—does Mr. Sherwood know it ?—is a hollow one. Cleon, with the suave business-man Hyperbolus behind him, has won, as he always wins, and Athens is permanently the poorer for it. Mr. Sherwood has no remedy—indeed, with Mr. Massey to help him, he gives the devil all too good a tune to set against the helpless egotistical rage of Pheidias in the toils. Here the playwright fumbles, and herein lies the discontent which one inevitably feels towards the end of the evening.

Mr. Massey subdues his harsh intelligence most effectively for his job of demagogy. Miss Gladys Cooper exhibits every facet of Aspasia except the professional one, in respect of which she is painfully genteel, and Mr. Ian Hunter plays Pheidias with an epicurean gusto. As Anaxagoras, Mr. Eliot Makeham is really superb, with the mildness of venerable wisdom clothing a pitiless clarity of judgment most felicitously.

Comedy at the Embassy

Though trivial and even vulgar, *The Man Who Was Fed Up*, a new comedy at the Embassy, has a plot with traces of originality and the right sort of preposterousness for farcical embroideries. The cast does it enough justice to make it entertaining. Mr. Alastair Sim gives a brilliant performance, perfect in timing and expression. Mr. Basil Foster's habit of seeming always on the point of forgetting his lines is an affectation which lends naturalism to many comedy parts, but he ought to drop it here when playing a big business man with enough purpose to retire to a monastery and come home again with a beard. Given a little more speed and a little more ebullience this play ought to find a more permanent home in the West End.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 1st—
"The Tempest," Cranleigh School, Guildford, 7.30, and on December 2nd at 2.30 and 7.30.
Donald Grant on "Austria and Central Europe," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Concert of recent works of Vaughan Williams, Peter Warlock, Hubert Foss, and others, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Myra Hess and Jelly d'Aranyi, Queen's Hall, 3.
Orloff, Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3rd—
John A. Hobson on "From Democracy to Dictatorship." Conway Hall, 11.
Croydon Film Society. First Performance. Davis Theatre, 2.30.
Richard Tauber, Albert Hall, 3.
Sir Charles Trevelyan on "Is War Inevitable?" Transport Hall, 7.45.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4th—
"The World of Light," Playhouse.
"Treasure Island," Theatre Cinema, Cambridge.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5th—
Edward Crankshaw on "Why I Translated 'The Miracle at Verdun,'" Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Rugby Football, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Twickenham.
Frederic Towndrow on "The Contemporary Architecture of Great Britain," Morley College, 8.
"Whistling in the Dark," Comedy Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th—
Howard League Luncheon, Mr. Arnold Hall on "Industrial Opportunity for Discharged Prisoners," Comedy Restaurant, 12.45.
P. R. Kimber on "Sex and the Law," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7th—
Mrs. Eva Hubback on "Adult Education," Morley College, 8.
Cecil I. B. Voge on "Some Chemical Aspects of Contraception." Essex Hall, Strand, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Meeting on "Why We Need a Child Guidance Clinic." Speeches by Dr. Emanuel Miller, Miss Vera Brittain, Dr. Sheila Bevington, University College School, Frognal, N.W., 8.45.

Ask for

"BP"

ETHYL

(Not just "Ethyl")

'BP' Petrol comes from BRITISH owned wells

It is made in BRITISH refineries

and is carried in BRITISH ships

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BECKFORD in his *Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaco and Batalha* describes with emotion his visit to the tombs of Henry the Navigator and his unfortunate brother the Infante Fernando, whose captivity among the Moors beginning as the ransom of an army, continued until his death as the price of the city of Ceuta. These princes were the great-grandsons of Edward III, and Beckford with his cult of the Order of the Garter was excited by:

> every armorial device, every mottoed lambel, so tersely and correctly sculptured, associated also so closely with historical and English recollections—the garter, the leopards, the fleurs-de-lis, "from haughty Gallia torn," the Plantagenet cast of the whole chamber.

Though born in 1394, Henry grew up with the ambitions of a crusader, and at the age of twenty-one, after receiving a piece of the True Cross and a sword from his mother's hands shortly before she expired, he set out to capture Ceuta from the Moors. "I shall mount aloft and from aloft shall see you," had been her death-bed words, and Henry provided a magnificent spectacle as with seventeen knights he maintained a triumphant combat against an entire army of the infidel. To defeat the followers of Mahomet and to extend the Christian Faith became the objects of his life, and with those ends in view he preserved a life-long virginity and studied continually, especially geography and the art of navigation, summoning wise Jews to his assistance and dispatching vessel after vessel down the coast of Africa, sending off and receiving secret envoys from "Prester John," with whom he planned to make common cause. The story of the explorations undertaken at his orders, and how his dreams were handed on and eventually carried into execution, is the fascinating subject of *The Portuguese Pioneers*, by Edgar Prestage (A. and C. Black, 15*s*.), which with a companion volume on *The Explorers of North America*, by J. B. Brebner, has recently appeared in a new series of Pioneer Histories. It is the first book to cover the entire period of Portuguese exploration and discovery, and so many facts have come to light since R. H. Major's *Henry the Navigator* that it is particularly welcome. An edition of *The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins*, which has just been published (The Argonaut Press, 36*s*.), contains an introduction which discusses the final results of Portuguese discovery as they affected the Elizabethans, by Dr. J. A. Williamson, who is also one of the general editors of the Pioneer Histories. The two books, read together, give a remarkable picture of the spread of geographical knowledge, but they raise so many unsolved problems, touch upon so many mysteries, that the reader will not lay them down in a very satisfied state of mind.

* * *

There is no doubt that the Portuguese did everything in their power to keep their discoveries secret, particularly from the Spaniards, and the most important discoveries were naturally those to be kept most secret. Once this idea has sunk deeply into the mind, it is but natural to conclude, with Professor Prestage and Dr. Williamson, that they discovered practically everything, agreeing in this substantially with Camoens, who said of his countrymen: "if there had been more of the world they would have reached it." Thus Professor Prestage is obviously inclined to believe that they had discovered Brazil before Columbus set out on his first voyage, and Dr. Williamson holds a strong brief for their having discovered Australia. That, of course, was later on; yet if we return to the days of Henry we find a remarkable coming and going. Thus in 1447 one of his ships, putting in south of the Atlas range, bartered eighteen Moorish prisoners for fifty-one black slaves and a lion, and this poor beast was afterwards sent by Henry as a present to Galway. But in spite of Henry's wishes his seamen were always reluctant to press South, and the voyage of Cadamosta to the South of the Gambia, a mere two thousand miles or so, was the farthest accomplished in his lifetime. But it did take them south of the Moorish country into a land where the negroes crowded round a white man and rubbed his skin with their spittle to see if his colour would come off and show black underneath. And in Henry's lifetime the caravel, a three-masted vessel of fifty tons and upwards, had been introduced, and the theory of determining latitude worked out and simplified for the use of seamen. The first recorded observation of latitude was made two years after Henry's death.

* * *

In the following fifty years progress was continuous. There were voyages to Greenland (possibly to the mouth of the St. Lawrence); in 1487 Bartholomew Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope; and in 1497, four years after the return of Columbus, Vasco da Gama made his great voyage to India and back with the objects of spreading the Christian Faith and acquiring the riches of the East. At that time the Hindu religions were firmly believed to be a form of Christianity—since in contradistinction to Mohammedans, the Hindus worshipped idols, and at Calicut Vasco da Gama was taken into a church and knelt and prayed before a statue of Our Lady who was, we may hope, at least the mother of Krishna if not of Christ. Five years later the spice trade was in the hands of the Portuguese, and squadrons of caravels were establishing a regular trade route to the East, via Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope. Soon the Portuguese were established not only along the coast of East Africa and India but also in Malaya. China was visited in 1517 and Japan discovered by an accident in 1542.

* * *

The evidence for the discovery of Australia by the Portuguese, which Professor Prestage finds unconvincing, is based on maps, and particularly on the map presented to Henry VIII by his cartographer, Jean Rotz, which seems to show the Eastern coast-line of Australia and the great barrier reef with considerable accuracy and detail. Dr. Williamson, who reproduces the map in his Introduction to Hawkins's *Observations*, believes the map represents Australia and embodies information derived from Portuguese renegades: indeed that it is a copy of a Portuguese map which Rotz had grafted wrongly on to a map of Java. It seems difficult to doubt this, yet Dr. Williamson says himself: "Theory always hit upon the truth in advance of practice, because the theories were so diverse that some of them were bound to be right." I wish Professor Prestage could have given more space to the discovery of Brazil. The chief argument in favour of an early discovery is that John II made tremendous efforts to shift the line demarcating the Portuguese and Spanish zones to a position which gave Brazil to Portugal, and that he regarded this as a diplomatic victory though it was a perfectly pointless proceeding unless he knew that Brazil was there.

* * *

In 1519 Magellan, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, discovered the south-west passage and circumnavigated the globe. It was that voyage which inspired Drake fifty years later. Dr. Williamson discusses Drake's mixed objects—of raiding the Spanish colonies on the Pacific coast, of reaching the Moluccas, of discovering the Southern continent and Behring's Straits. Drake gave it as his opinion that there was an open sea passage round the Horn, but for many years sailors preferred the difficult Straits of Magellan as offering supplies of seals and penguins. Richard Hawkins, who had sailed with Drake during his raid on the West Indies, planned another circumnavigation, and his *Observations*, which have been reprinted before, are the record of that voyage up till the time when, badly wounded, he struck his flag off Panama and surrendered after fighting for three days ringed round with Spanish vessels. His narrative is full of learned digressions; it is these that justify his title and give the book its value and its charm. He was a gentle, earnest man whose temperament was rather like John Evelyn's, and what country people call "old-fashioned" in a child.

DAVID GARNETT

ONE OF THE MOST URGENT NEEDS OF LITERATURE TO-DAY

A new Anthology of English Poetry

THE ALBATROSS
BOOK OF LIVING VERSE

Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

- Brings the rich poetry of our own day for the first time into one harmonious perspective with the preceding seven centuries of English verse.
- Re-surveys the whole panorama of English poetry through the eyes of 1933.
- For the first time gives American verse its rightful place.
- Includes every type of poetry from ballads to modern free verse.
- Includes long poems that other anthologists have had to omit.
- Gives parallel modern renderings opposite the original Chaucer, etc.
- Includes out of 600 poems, 102 by living writers, English and American.
- Offers within the confines of a "pocket" volume, at the amazing price of 5s., all the riches of the whole treasury of English poetry.
- For those who can afford the luxury of a leather binding, a beautiful edition of this book is available at 7s. 6d.

5/- net CLOTH 7/6 net LEATHER

COLLINS

NEW NOVELS

Dawn of Darkness. By BALDER OLDEN. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Oppermanns. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by JAMES CLEUGH. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Christmas Tree. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Apocalypse of Love. By FAIRBAIRNE MCPHEE. *Boriswood.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Virgin Islanders. By JOHN LEVO. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is sad that the triumph of the National Socialists should, whether rightly or wrongly, have confirmed many foreign critics in an opinion of German life and character that, before the advent of Fascism, was rapidly going out of date. All that is crude, portentous and alarming in Teutonic literature and art seems to have been realised in the "ideological" background of the Nazi movement; the combination of brutality and sentimentality, of vagueness and vehemence, of ruthlessness and muddle-headed enthusiasm—all are there. Hitler's photograph includes something both of Wagner and of Nietzsche, glowering through the mask of an embittered and resentful Charlie Chaplin. Göring may be half Chicago thug, but he is also half German poetaster of the nineteenth-century Romantic School. Never was such an array of beetling foreheads, of deep-sunk brooding eyes and semi-sensitive, semi-sadistic, nerve-racked and music-loving features gathered into the fold of a modern revolutionary government. And, although a certain lack of balance is very understandable, one cannot help regretting that neither Herr Balder Olden nor Herr Lion Feuchtwanger should have qualified their account of Nazi frightfulness by a dispassionate examination of the political and intellectual chaos from which these atrocities emerge.

Perhaps it is unreasonable to voice a complaint. Living in a country where the innocent, if not over-intelligent, faces of Sir Oswald Mosley's supporters, and the determined, boldly histrionic profile of their Leader himself, are a perpetual source of comfort and reassurance, it is hardly fair to ask of two exiled German novelists that they should be prepared to allow the other side of so gloomy and appalling a picture rather more interest and attention. Herr Olden, indeed, goes to the length of including a Nazi among the personages whom he brings on to the stage; Hans Rümelin loses faith in the movement which has raised him from indigence to power, and eventually meets his death—when he is unofficially executed by being shot through the back of the head—at the hands of one of his own Nazi comrades. But Hans is never very real; nor, for that matter, is Gerda, his betrothed, the daughter of a fire-eating Prussian General, who breaks with the young man because she believes that he has betrayed Naumann, the Jewish essayist and story-teller, to that satanic and cynical dwarf, Dr. Schnierwind, the editor of the newspaper *Deutsche Hiebe*. Dr. Schnierwind is Herr Olden's most villainous portrait; between his massive, blonde, Brunnhilde-like stenographers, he sits all day in his crowded office, dictating, fulminating, roaring down the telephone and cracking irreverent jokes at the expense of "Fat Adolf," otherwise Hitler, "William III," Chancellor of the Third Realm. Schnierwind is a ferocious caricature; for the purposes of his story I feel that Herr Olden might have done better to select some less clear-headed and disillusioned representative of the government that doomed Naumann to a concentration camp, murdered Hans Rümelin and ruined and maltreated the Zionist, Josef Kronfelder. That atrocities should have a disinterested origin, and derive their impulse from a muddled system of values, seems historically and dramatically more appropriate.

Still, *Dawn of Darkness* is a vigorous and effective pamphlet. *The Oppermanns* is something more than propaganda and deserves to rank as a novel in its own right. Very skilfully, Herr Feuchtwanger describes the gradual disintegration of a prosperous and cultured Jewish clan, menaced by the rising tide of anti-Semitism. Professor Oppermann is driven from his operating table; Martin Oppermann, the proprietor of a large Berlin department store, is first boycotted and then receives a course of patriotic instruction, which consists of being beaten, bullied and made to chant *Heil Hitler* and sing the Horst-Wessel song, in the cellars of a Nazi stronghold. Berthold, the student, commits suicide. Gustav Oppermann, the elderly *savant*, leaves Germany but is foolish enough to return incognito, and undergoes a course of intensive schooling, among other intellectuals, at one of the more "merciful" Nazi concentration camps. Both novelists pay an ironic tribute to the typically Teutonic sense of order with which the executioners and bullies of the present regime go about their work. Thus, the Jew, intellectual or "Marxist" who suffers a period of torture, imprisonment and humiliation, is obliged to sign a paper on release, to the effect that he has not been ill-treated, and is even requested to pay a small bill, "one mark for instruction and one mark for attention and services rendered." Prisoners who die during instruction are restored to their relatives in a neat double-sealed coffin, the lid of which must on no account be raised. Worse than all, however—probably worse than the atrocities themselves—is the hopelessness and loss of faith experienced by every civilised member of the community, Jewish and Christian alike, whose intelligence cannot accept the new dispensation, with its atmosphere of primitive racial intolerance, crude chauvinism and second-hand mystagogic clap-trap. *The Oppermanns* is a bitter denunciation but, on the whole, its tone is surprisingly moderate. It is as readable a work as any of its predecessors, and has an interest transcending that of its theme.

Lady Eleanor Smith is a natural story-teller. Her style may not in itself be very graceful; her psychology is not particularly profound; but she possesses a gift that is nowadays, at least from the average reader's point of view, probably a good deal more important—a knack of interesting us in her characters and of keeping her narrative briskly and fluently on the move. *Christmas Tree* has some of the qualities of a good film; the authoress, like an intelligent film-producer, knows just how much characterisation and preparation—the chief disadvantage of high-brow novels and films—a moderately discriminating audience can be asked to swallow; how far its imagination must be stimulated and the kind of stimulus its mental processes are apt to require. Seven characters are portrayed in search of a Christmas tree. . . . The shop-assistant who attends them speculates vaguely about the scenes through which these Christmas trees, big and little, cheap and expensive, will pass on their way to the eventual bonfire. She herself cannot follow their fated odyssey; but here the story-teller steps in with seven short, loosely connected tales; the story of an unhappily married peer; the story of a successfully married but elegantly impecunious young couple; of the *maître d'hôtel* at a smart London restaurant; a middle-aged German teacher, forlornly domiciled at an English girls' school; a businessman who marries his secretary from sheer desperation; an actress whose fortune is on the wane, and a scintillating gutter-bred film star whose platinum-blonde twinkle is definitely in the ascendant. Across this succession of miniature themes, Lady Eleanor ranges lightly, unadventurously, but with a competent and practised touch. Now she is sentimental, now a trifle grim; now she rings the changes on sentimentality and satire. Only in the episode of the young couple, who have no money but are still terribly in love—Why in fiction are such couples always exasperating?—is her facility more apparent than genuine aptitude.

Mr. Fairbairne McPhee, too, has plenty of aptitude; but his imitative, or assimilative, faculty, which is indeed considerable, does not carry with it any faculty of self-criticism; or he would surely have refrained from so minute, laborious and talented a pastiche of D. H. Lawrence's later novels, particularly *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. That Mr. McPhee's style does, or might, possess a very real beauty and interest of its own is made quite clear by a vivid and detailed description, at the beginning of his *Apocalypse of Love*, of a walk among the cages at the Berlin Zoo. For the most part, however, he is content to slip into an extremely brilliant, but in the long run excessively tedious, parody of D. H. Lawrence's peculiar ecstatic intonation, refurbishing the old rhythms, trotting out the old scraps of sexual and social dogma, and calling, in a painstaking echo of Lawrence's characteristic turns of phrase, on the Dark Gods and phallic guardian-spirits to "do their stuff." . . . They do it, as usual, *ad nauseam*; Gerald Hinton and his various female satellites—Gerald is an ex-lecturer from Cambridge—embrace exquisitely, lengthily and monotonously, now in the surf, now on the sand, now in a rainstorm, now in the snow, and now on a large fire-lit bear-skin hearth rug. It is all perfervid, intense and innocent—quite in the approved Laurentian manner.

A strange book; but so is *Virgin Islanders*. The relationship of God and the Heavenly Host, with this delectable West Indian archipelago and its negro or mulatto inhabitants, would appear to be very close indeed; and Mr. Levo, when he has nothing better to write about, is inclined to revert to a strain of almost delirious dithyramb, in which God, angels, native folklore and the charms of the landscape are wildly and capriciously entangled. Then his style is as cloying as rose-leaf jam; but after a time, and not without signs of regret, he rises from his verbal orgy and proceeds

"Books are to-day by far the cheapest of our real delights"

William Blake
J. MIDDLETON MURRY
10s. 6d. net

Dunky Fitlow
Tales
A. E. COPPARD 7s. 6d. net

Jesus the Unknown
DMITRI MEREZ-KOVSKY
with a preface by the Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 12s. 6d. net

The Best Short Stories
1933
edited by E. J. O'BRIEN
No. 1. ENGLISH. No. 2. AMERICAN
7s. 6d. net each volume

Leonardo da Vinci
The Artist
EDWARD MacCURDY
10s. 6d. net

Royal Nonesuch
A Tudor Tapestry
BEATRICE WHITE
7s. 6d. net

A History of the French People
CHARLES SEIGNOBOS

'Professor Seignobos has achieved the almost impossible in compressing the history of the French into a single volume. He has done more: he has produced a work which is absolutely first class. Praise of such a great scholar can only seem impertinence to the initiated, but for the general reader one is reduced to saying that it is all but impossible to use language other than that of indiscriminate eulogy. Few books of this quality and scope have ever been written.

Professor Seignobos throws illumination on every topic he touches. The economic, the social and the literary aspect of the history of the French people are made as important as the political or the constitutional history. The masterly tracing of the constitutional and political evolution of the French is well worth the attention of the learned as well as the ordinary reader.

Another proof is given that only the ripe and great scholar can write briefly and well on a big subject.' ROBERT OWEN in the WEEK-END REVIEW. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. 414 pages. 12s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE 30 BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

to show us what he can do in the realms of suggestion and precise description. Thus, I enjoyed Mr. Levo's book when he writes of "vast mango trees as substantial-looking as houses, and symmetrically domed, with their leafage resting on a horizontal base"; of the huge trade clouds, piled above the skyline, and a sealed lagoon, with water "of a purplish blackness" and an incrustation of salt crystals which made "a sparkling ring of light round the margin"; or when Ferdinand, his protagonist, "listened to the doves flinging their cool domestic notes from side to side of the Valley." . . . For a moment, under the spell of the proper adjective—and his choice of adjective is certainly the novelist's strength—I began to wish that I was living in Tortola.

PETER QUENNELL

LORD OXFORD IN OLD AGE

H.H.A. Letters to a Friend from Lord Oxford, 1915—1922. Edited by DESMOND MACCARTHY. *Geoffrey Bles.* 10s. 6d.

Whatever interest these letters have is almost entirely personal. To the student of events, to the historian of the future, they will be of very little value. What they give us is a new and rather unexpected light on the mind of an important statesman in the last years of his life. It seems still but a short time since Asquith died and the newspapers were filled by the record of the great part he had played in the momentous affairs of his day; and only a year ago in the two stately volumes of his biography we were reading the account of his wonderful rise to power; of his skill in launching a united country into the whirlpool of the Great War; of the heroism with which he bore the numbing blow of the death in battle of his eldest son; and of the serene equanimity which he displayed in the adversities and disappointments of his last years. The figure that thus emerged, if a little dull, was a figure of high dignity, and it is therefore with something of a shock that we find ourselves peeping in these intimate letters at the man who withdrew himself so austerely from the public view.

It was in the summer of 1915, less than a year after the outbreak of the War, that Asquith met the lady to whom these letters are addressed. He was then sixty-three, and had been seven years Prime Minister, and the lady, who was very much younger, was the wife—and soon afterwards became the widow—of an officer at the front. The differences between them—in age, in social position, in knowledge of the world—were enormous. She stood entirely apart, as the Editor says, from the main current of his life; but this, no doubt, was one of her chief attractions; and for the remaining twelve years he saw her as often as he could, and when absent wrote her "the almost daily letters," from which the present volume is composed. It is, in fact, but a very small instalment, containing fewer than 100 letters, and another series is to appear shortly; but it contains enough to give us a very fair idea of the writer's mind and character in these eventful years.

What strikes one first is his power of almost complete detachment from public affairs; and next, his prevailing contempt for most of the people around him. Great events were passing; the war, with its vast tale of death and suffering, was dragging slowly on, but Asquith, as he appears in this correspondence, was curiously unmoved. Of the death of his eldest son he writes:

> This has been a great blow to me and I am much shaken by it,

but goes on in the same letter to speak of the books the lady is reading, and how much he is looking forward to the joy of seeing her at Easton Grey. A few months later when he is planning a visit to the Front, he writes:

> I think of going to France to stay with Haig for some days about the 23rd or 24th, and the two following Sundays I shall be at Wilton and Pixton; so make your plans accordingly.

And in the next letter he is telling her how greatly he enjoyed his "jaunt" at Pixton. In November, 1917, he is "rather depressed" by the immediate war-outlook, and in the following April he writes:

> I am depressed by the news, and daily, and often hourly, damn the French.

But except for such casual references as these, one is hardly aware in reading these letters that a great war was going on.

Of most of his colleagues and other Liberal politicians he speaks with good-natured scorn—they were rather a dusty lot, a simple-minded and dunder-headed set of men; but for Mr. Lloyd George, who had supplanted him, he has an unmixed hostility and contempt. His speeches were too boring to read, full of fustian and mis-statements. Once indeed he admits that a statement is correct—"for once I believe he is telling the truth"—but in 1920 he expresses the belief that

> But for Ll. G.'s fatuity we might have ended the War in the Spring or early Autumn of 1917.

But as a rule in these letters he is too much interested in books and pictures and the development of the lady's mind to give way to complaints or anxieties. Only once does he betray any serious annoyance. He had given an Address to the Eighty Club, which he had taken some pains in preparing, but was disgusted to find that no proper arrangements had been made for a report, and that in the *Daily News* next day it received less prominence than some remarks made by L. G. to a lot of Calvinist parsons. If his words were not to reach the world outside "the whole thing," he said, "becomes a farce." He might just as well be occupied in ploughing the sands. But it was very rarely that he was so much moved by external causes. Generally, as I have said, he was too much engrossed by the lady's charms to feel discouragement. It is indeed a remarkable story of tenderness and affection; and yet, as one reads these letters, one is reminded of the observation made by Mr. Cyril Asquith that there was a visible slackening in his father's mind in the last ten years of his life.

PHILIP MORRELL

THE ROYAL MARTYR

Charles the First, King of England. By HILAIRE BELLOC. *Cassell.* 16s.

King Charles the First. By EVAN JOHN. *Barker.* 10s.

As a rule the simultaneous appearance of two books on the same subject renders the critic's task easy; for, as the chances are that they will be at violent odds on most material points, all that need be done is to plot out the divergences and suggest that both curves are distorted. On the other hand, it is deeply disturbing when, as in the present case, two simultaneous books not only agree, but agree in traversing an accepted view, and do so with indubitable learning, acumen and persuasiveness. One may not lightly disregard the authority of St. Gregory on Good Works, that multitude of witnesses is a high guarantee of truth.

Still, one must not be discouraged even by such an intimidating alliance as that of Mr. Belloc and Mr. John, but rather note its character as a sign of our times. Both writers are concerned to show that Charles I has been scandalously dealt with by the Whig and Liberal historians of the nineteenth century who, from their idolatry of parliamentary institutions, utterly misread the constitutional issues involved in the Great Rebellion, and in consequence represented the King as an infatuated reactionary whose incompetence was equalled only by his treachery. This, it is now said, is all wrong. Charles was a man of excellent parts and disposition who in the normal course should have had a prosperous and peaceful reign, but who, unfortunately, was called upon to handle public affairs at a peculiarly difficult time and was peculiarly unfitted by character for the task—a man, in fact, who deserves our sympathies rather than our censures. The Great Rebellion was not the struggle of a people against a tyranny: on the contrary, it would be nearer the truth to see in it the triumph of a plutocracy and the enslavement of the common people, deprived of their natural protector, the Crown.

Now, this is on the face of it a reasonable enough thesis, which challenges our critical faculties and appeals to our sense of fair-play. Yet, with the best will to be critical and fair, one cannot help suspecting that the argument is going to take a nasty direction. Mr. Belloc, to be sure, is rather shy of making all the implications clear—whether from guile or because he doesn't particularly like the look of them himself is uncertain—but Mr. John is quite frank.

> The people's will [he says] remains indiscoverable, or is discovered only to be deflected and manipulated for party ends. Some of us think that we must return to a form of rule that gives more scope to the monarchical principle, less to newspaper proprietors and parliamentary tacticians. We have all begun to doubt the magic of representative systems. We are certainly in a better position for passing a judgment on the institution of monarchy.

To which, say Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler, Yea and Amen.

Each generation is apt to interpret history in terms of its own special interest. When Macaulay and Green wrote the special interest was political. To-day it is economic; hence both Mr. Belloc and Mr. John stress the economic factor in the duel between Crown and Parliament, which the Victorian writers

FABER AND FABER

English Painting
R. H. WILENSKI
A comprehensive survey which includes the painters of social life, of sporting pictures, and the imaginative composers, as well as the recognized masters of portrait and landscape. *With 202 illustrations.* 30/-

The Use of Poetry
T. S. ELIOT
'Probably the most comprehensive and reasoned critical work that Mr. Eliot has yet written—should certainly be read by all readers of poetry.' *The Spectator.* 7/6

One-way Song
WYNDHAM LEWIS
'Better even than one was permitted to expect. He drives into a single line what a poet of normal ability would leave lying about in a dozen.' *Morning Post.* 7/6
Limited edition. 31/6

The Lord Fish
WALTER DE LA MARE
'Has marched straight into the heart of fairyland without needing to fight a battle.' G. K. Chesterton. *With illustrations by Rex Whistler.* 10/6

Country Days
A. G. STREET
'Mr. Street is always a joy to read.' *Evening Standard. With eight photographs by Hoppé.* 6/-

Trekking On
DENEYS REITZ
'In sheer sustained interest excels even its celebrated predecessor, *Commando*—outstanding in the annals of our generation.' *Illustrated London News.* 15/-

Seaplane Solo
FRANCIS CHICHESTER
'The most vivid account of trans-ocean flying that I have yet read.' *Army, Navy & Air Force Gazette. With illustrations.* 12/6

Why Nazi?
'Far more instructive to Englishmen than Hitler's own book.' *Daily Mirror.* 7/6

The Philosophy of Communism
JOHN MACMURRAY
'Instinct with life and light.—He disentangles real issues from irrelevant details with a disturbing clarity.' *The Spectator.* 3/6

FABER AND FABER

hardly noticed. Of the two, Mr. Belloc is much the clearer and more emphatic on this point. The dominating condition of all Charles's troubles was that "the income of the Government was based by immemorial tradition upon endowment and not upon taxes." As long as prices remained fairly steady all went well. But the Crown was in the position of a *rentier*, liable to be reduced to penury by a rapid rise of prices; and this is what happened during the sixteenth century owing to the discovery of America and the consequent increase of Europe's stock of precious metals. Even Mr. Belloc does not give full weight to the currency factor. As one might expect, he is rather more impressed by the wantonness of Henry VIII, who might have been forgiven his plundering of the Church if he had appropriated the confiscated properties to the use of the Crown. But as a matter of fact Henry's behaviour, though scandalous, had very little bearing in the ultimate situation, except that it undid all that his father had done by giving where it had been Henry VII's policy to take away. The rise in prices, though greatly accelerated, was not caused by the discovery of the New World. It had been going on for many a year—ever since the Black Death, in fact. Henry VII feared that a time would come when the Crown would be dependent for its main income on parliamentary supply, and he knew what that meant. The time came in the reign of Charles, but Charles did not know what it meant, nor to his dying day, though given every chance, could he be brought to see it. He went to his death, a very dignified little gentleman with a big grievance.

If the Whig historians neglected the economic factor, Mr. Belloc and Mr. John err on the other side by their suggestion—for it is suggestion rather than argument—that the parliamentary cause was void of political ideals and values. We look in vain in Mr. Belloc for any reference to the Divine Right controversy, and Mr. John, though he does mention it, is in a hurry to quit an awkward subject. Both writers are uniformly sour about everything and everybody parliamentary, yet both grudgingly admit that the parliamentary triumph meant two centuries of political achievement, such as would never have been possible under the Stuart ideal of monarchy. And when that is said, what is there to argue about except the personality of Charles? Here, let it be granted, the Whig tradition has been uncharitable, and Mr. Belloc has done a service in giving us as vivid and truthful a portrait of "the Man" as we are ever likely to have—the portrait of a correct, reserved, cultured little man, with beautiful but not very expressive features, prominent eyes, a strong Scotch accent and a bad stammer. Of great qualities, except physical courage, even Mr. Belloc's keenly sympathetic eye cannot discern a trace. A little man in every sense—frigid, vacillating, pettily vindictive, and a fool in his friendships.

DONALD CARSWELL

QUACK, QUACK! OR HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

Counter Attack from the East, the Philosophy of Radhakrishnan. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The history of the human race is a history of the ebb and flow of civilisations, and one accompaniment of the ebb has always been a loud quacking of mysticism and mystics. The symptoms are always the same, though superficially they may differ. Reason is dethroned as old fashioned and the man who asks for proof of a fact before he will believe it is magisterially dismissed to the bottom of the form as a nincompoop and told to write out 500 times: "I must not ask for proof." The mysteries of Dionysus, the abracadabra of Isis and Osiris, the worship of the sun or a sacred bull, the wisdom obtained by staring at your own navel, or making yourself sick before breakfast, the revelations to be obtained from the legs of tables or ectoplasm are some of the methods which have proved extremely efficacious for penetrating the nature of the universe and of God or the Absolute. The intensity of a man's belief having been adopted as the measure of truth, the ignoble creature who still tries to use his reason and is feeble enough to admit that he does not know what will happen to him when he dies, or why billions of stars are flaming through space, or whether his spaniel has an immortal soul, or why there is evil in the world, or what the creator was doing before he created the universe and what he will be doing after the universe has come to an end—the stupid creature is hardly admitted into the society of intelligent men and decent philosophers. In such a state of affairs—and we are in it to-day—one requires a little courage not to quack with the quacks.

Once the current begins to set against reason, philosophers and scientists flock in all directions quacking in the cleverest and subtlest voices confirmation of the innumerable varieties of mysticism. The fact that you cannot explain the universe by the use of reason is shown to be a proof that you can explain it by intuition; the fact that Professor E. cannot explain some antic of the atom or Professor J. cannot smooth out some kink in stellar spaces is shown to be a proof that God exists, that the soul is immortal, and that Jacob Boehme, Madame Blavatsky, and Herr Kaiserling are right and Voltaire and Diderot wrong. Mr. Joad, in this book, brings us once more good tidings from the East, the authentic doctrine of the well-known Indian philosopher Radhakrishnan, a worthy companion of Herr Kaiserling, Herr Spengler, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, and Mr. Middleton Murry.

Radhakrishnan's mysticism proceeds on the usual lines. "We have direct and immediate experience," he says, of these facts: that "the universe is good," that "it is also spiritual," that "it is also in some sense personal." I have no such experience, and I do not even begin to understand what is meant by the vague statement "the universe is in some sense personal." I do not deny that Radhakrishnan and Mr. Joad have this "direct and immediate experience"; what I deny is that the fact that they have a direct and immediate experience that the universe is good is any proof of the fact that the universe is good. As soon as I say that I bring upon my head the deluge. "The direct apprehension of God," I am told, "seems to me as real as the perception of the external world is to others"; why do I refuse to accept the existence of God because Radhakrishnan and Mr. Joad directly apprehend him, whereas I do accept the existence of a chair because they directly perceive it? The answer to this conundrum is not given by either of these mystics, so I must give it myself. If Mr. Joad tells me that there is a chimaera sitting on a chair in the next room and that he has directly perceived it, I should rush into the next room in order to see not the chair but the chimaera. I suspect that I should probably see the chair, but not the chimaera. I should certainly not deny that Mr. Joad had had a direct perception of a chimaera sitting on a chair; I should not even deny the *possibility* of the existence of a chimaera sitting in my armchair. But I should gently and firmly insist to Mr. Joad that while there was some proof that the chair which he had told me about existed in the room, there was no proof of the existence of the chimaera.

Having in this extraordinary fashion established that direct apprehension or intuition gives us unimpeachable knowledge of the existence of God and of the nature of the universe, Radhakrishnan then unfolds the mysteries. Unfortunately for the non-mystic who would like to understand the mysteries they are, as usual, revealed in a vague jargon which means nothing to him. "In integrating the personality," we are told, "religious experience includes and transcends both consciousness and the unconscious." If Mr. Joad says to me: "There is a chair in the other room" or "On the surface of a sphere the three interior angles of a triangle are not together equal to two right-angles," I may or may not believe him, but there is no doubt at all of what he means. But I have not the remotest idea what "integrating a personality" or "transcending both consciousness and the unconscious" really mean. The mystic, however, is always able to have it both ways and to cut the ground from under the feet of the degraded non-mystic. Radhakrishnan and Mr. Joad have foreseen my objection and answered it. On page 88 of this book we are told that religious experience "from its very nature is incommunicable. . . . It is not to be supposed that mind can communicate its vision of reality in symbols appropriate to the world of appearance." Thus, the knowledge derived from Radhakrishnan's intuitions cannot be proved and cannot be communicated, yet he has written many volumes in which he gives reasoned proof for believing in them and has written hundreds of thousands of words which purport to communicate his knowledge. Mr. Joad has added another book in which he reasons about the unreasonable and communicates the incommunicable and explains the inexplicable. It is interesting to observe the methods by which the mystic succeeds in having it both ways. Metaphors and similes and symbols take the place of exact statements and arguments, and we skate over the hole in a "proof" on some phrase like "as it were" "just as . . .," or even "it is said." We are continually "integrating," "transcending," "reconciling." When we come to a really controversial pronouncement, we prefix to it the comforting phrase "It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that . . ." Thus we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that it is difficult to

Recommended by the Book Society

JEAN DE RESZKE

AND THE GREAT DAYS OF OPERA

by CLARA LEISER

fully illustrated royal 8vo 384 pages

18s net

The first biography of the great operatic tenor, who held the music lovers of two continents enthralled with the beauty of his singing and acting, and whose qualities as a man won the devotion of all.

'Miss Leiser has been tireless in collecting all the relevant material . . . Shows the exceptional achievement of its hero.' *The Times L. S.*

'She writes enthusiastically . . . the great tenor and his brother [Edouard the basso] stand out as very real personages.' *Scotsman*

'She has done her work extremely well . . . a thorough and admirably written biography, which all lovers of music will wish to possess.' *Daily Mail*

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES

GERALD HOWE

Write to 23 Soho Square W.1 for Prospectus and Autumn List

avoid the conclusion that you can always have it both ways. "The creeds of religion correspond to the theories of science." "Reality is changeless and changing." "In the moment of its highest insight the self becomes aware not only of its own existence, but of the existence of an omnipotent spirit of which it is, *as it were*," (the italics are mine) "a focusing." The doctrine of Karma "reconciles" determinism and freewillism. The "principles" of Karma and rebirth "suggest to us that the value of the world is not in any way affected by the actuality of evil, error, and ugliness." God is not only the Absolute, exterior to the world, but also the guide and supervisor of the world, and organic with the world, changeless and evolving as the world evolves, in the world; he is also "assuredly the spirit of man. . . ." This is not only to have it both ways, but to have it every way.

LEONARD WOOLF

PROTECTING THE FARMER

The Planning of Agriculture. By VISCOUNT ASTOR and K. A. H. MURRAY. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

This critical examination of Mr. Elliot's marketing policy is an unusually effective blending of the politician with the economic expert. Dr. Keith Murray presumably contributed most of the clear and well-documented analysis with which the book opens, but both authors would agree with Sir Arthur Salter, who suggests in his foreword that a period of neglect is being followed by one of "hasty and inadequately considered activity," and the main features of this work are an attack upon the method of import quotas and upon the control of home production. Both points are worth careful examination, not only by those who support the present Government, but by those who are looking forward to the time when a Labour Government will have to decide whether to proceed with the present reforms, involving as they do the limitation of imports, and the development of a series of boards controlling the quantities and wholesale prices of certain commodities.

On the first point Lord Astor is well known as an opponent of import quotas, preferring import boards to quotas, and tariffs to either, as a means of affording temporary protection to the home market. The following statement is interesting as coming from a Conservative: "It is generally known that the quota policy was adopted in Great Britain because of political expediency and not on merit. It may prove to be the correct policy, but if so it will be chance rather than wise direction which has given us this bit of machinery." Of the two possible forms of import quotas, the "national," which allocates definite proportions to each exporting country, is the most open to abuse. The "global," however, while leaving the world to compete for a given amount of imports, requires that the imports shall be controlled by a single Board, and this savours too much of Dr. Addison and the Labour Party to be acceptable to the present Government. National import quotas, besides placing the home Government in an invidious position of deciding between the claims of other countries, tend to profit the exporting firm at the expense of the home consumer, and Lord Astor treats with deserved contempt the argument that somehow this profit will help our own export trade.

The main argument against the home marketing boards is based on the prevalence of mixed farming. It is urged that the allotment system, applied to one or two commodities only, must lead to greater instability in the supplies and prices of other products. The example given is that of the bacon trade, the stabilisation of which will problably increase short-term changes in the price of pork. It is certainly true that the first task of the two Boards now in existence has been to deal with a threat of over-production, and it will be a poor recommendation for orderly marketing if its chief effect is to place an upper limit on the home producer based on what is generally considered a slump period. It would be difficult to get the urban voter to support the extension of the systems to other commodities under these conditions. Farmers themselves are rapidly getting over their instinctive objection to these Boards. There is a strong movement amongst the graziers for the extension of the system to fat stock, but the main object is the mutual restriction of output to be helped by the control of imports. Clearly this is not an objective at which any Government would care to aim as a long-term policy. It would invite the criticism suggested in Professor's Pigou's phrase—"People want prices to rise in order that more people may be employed; they do not want less people to be employed in order that prices may rise." The present policy controls production and wholesale prices, and restricts imports but leaves untouched distribution, retail prices, and the encouragement of consumption. We can agree with the authors of this very able book that such a policy is likely to antagonise the townsman without permanently helping agriculture, even if we do not agree with the alternative policies which are tentatively suggested.

Lion
Feuchtwanger's
THE
OPPERMANNS
¶ now ready
everywhere
7s. 6d.
SECKER

THE SLUMS

Slum. By HOWARD MARSHALL and AVICE TREVELYAN. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Public *v.* The Slums. *Rotary International.* 6*d.*

What is the "problem of the slums"? Some of us know only too well. Those who do not should read this little book by Mr. Marshall and Miss Trevelyan. There they will find a shocking, and shockingly true, description of the conditions in which a million or more men, women and children exist in Great Britain to-day—overcrowding steadily worsened by the increase in the number of families; four, six, eight persons to a room; one W.C. and one water-tap to three or four dozen people; cellar tenements (30,000 of them in London); back-to-back houses (30,000 of these in Leeds); bugs, rats, cockroaches, rot, damp, stink, squalor, disease and death.

To abate this scandal the Ministry of Health is now conducting a great campaign, and Sir Hilton Young is optimistic enough to believe that within a few years the slums will have gone. But a few moments' scrutiny of the facts and figures will dispel that illusion. The task which the Government is urging the local authorities to perform is tremendous, and their response to the appeal from Whitehall has been feeble. Some of them, indeed, have not responded at all; many others, like the London County Council, have submitted utterly inadequate plans. The Fulham Borough Council, to take one illustration at random from Mr. Marshall, propose to deal with eighteen houses in all—out of the 642 in their area which are officially estimated to be insanitary!

But the slum problem does not stand alone. The crying need is not merely to destroy old houses, but, as Sir Ernest Simon and many others have insisted, to provide new houses, or adapt

The ANTI-SLUM CAMPAIGN

SIR E. D. SIMON

NEW STATESMAN. "There is genuine enthusiasm and concern, and there is corresponding need for precise information and for clear and constructive thinking. Sir Ernest Simon's book supplies these needs. . . . His numerical estimates are valuable, but his financial estimates are even more useful. He has an admirable chapter on subsidies. . . . He gives an excellent critical account of the post-war housing effort in this country . . . . Sir Ernest's main case seems to be unanswerable."

SUNDAY TIMES. "In view of the still unsolved complexities of the housing problem, it is pleasant to come across such a helpful examination of the subject."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. "Sir Ernest Simon has done more than state a negative case against Sir Hilton Young's policy ; he has provided an alternative policy based on a careful analysis of the 1931 census returns and an estimate of the probable future movement of the population."

DAILY HERALD. "An overwhelming exposure of the essential wrong-headedness of the Government's Housing policy."

LANCET. ". . . The indictment is a formidable one, and it is sustained by moderately stated argument which will carry a large measure of conviction. . . . The book is the best analysis of the housing problem which has appeared, and it is admirable alike in its treatment of past history and in its constructive proposals for the future."

An M.O.H. writes : "I have found 'The Anti-Slum Campaign' most intensely interesting and instructive, with just that information of the inner workings of Parliamentary doings which I wanted to get, and which are not accessible to one in my position."

2/6 net

TRADE DEPRESSION AND THE WAY OUT
R. G. HAWTREY
New Edition, Re-written and Enlarged. 7/6 net

THE PRIVATE LETTER BOOKS OF JOSEPH COLLET, 1711-1719
SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF FORT ST. GEORGE, MADRAS.
Edited by Prof. H. H. DODWELL 10/6 net

RAILWAY AND CUSTOMS POLICIES IN SOUTH AFRICA,
(ROYAL EMPIRE SOCIETY IMPERIAL STUDIES)
J. VAN DER POEL 7/6 net

LATER CRITIQUES
A FURTHER SERIES OF ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM
AUGUSTUS RALLI 7/6 net

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Vol. I. Books I-XII.
RENDERED IN ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE
A. F. MURISON 10/6 net

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. LTD.
39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4

existing ones, for a host of poorly paid workers at a rent within their means. What have the Government done to meet this? They have abolished the subsidies under the Wheatley Act, and put their trust in the old idea of an automatic "filtering up" and in a new scheme under which the Building Societies are supposed to co-operate. The Building Societies, as Mr. Marshall reminds us, have shown no enthusiasm for the Government proposals, and only nine of them have declared their willingness to lend money. In short, the attempt to tackle the problem in bits, through local authorities, Public Utility Societies and private enterprise, offers very small hope of success. Mr. Marshall and Miss Trevelyan advocate the plan which was discussed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION some months ago—the establishment of a single authority, a National Housing Corporation, backed financially by the State, and endowed with wide powers, which would cover not only slum clearance and building, but planning and property management. That such a body could achieve much, there is little doubt. But whether it should, as Mr. Marshall and Miss Trevelyan suggest, supersede the local authorities in all housing questions, is a matter which wants more argument than they have given to it. They are a trifle too sketchy also, I think, about subsidies. They appear to assume that subsidies, though perhaps necessary for rehousing "under the present system," must inevitably keep up prices. But that is inevitable only under certain conditions, as was shown in Sir Ernest Simon's recent book, *The Anti-Slum Campaign*. They do, however, favour the "differential rent" system, which in effect means a subsidy, switched over from the house to the family.

The Rotary International pamphlet contains, besides some excellent photographs of bad and good houses, a foreword by the Minister of Health—in which the deliberately anti-Socialist policy of the Government is revealed quite plainly. "The Government's efforts in the matter of ordinary working-class housing," says Sir Hilton Young, "are concentrated on the encouragement of private enterprise." The pamphlet itself is a plea for the support of the Public Utility Societies, and it gives a good deal of information about what they can do and are doing in the way of housing. But we should beware, as Mr. Marshall points out, of exaggerating the power of the Public Utility Societies. Their work is indeed valuable, especially in educating public opinion; but in solving the housing problem they can play only a minor part. As a business proposition the Rotarians are well satisfied with the societies. They should succeed, we are told, in paying not less than 3 per cent. on the share capital invested in them. And, more than this—

> Where any considerable proportion of that capital is applied to rehousing on new estates, to reconditioning, and to general housing, it is surely not too optimistic to assume that (given, of course, competent management) they should succeed in "sweetening the yield" to one of 4½ or 5 per cent.

In such circumstances, the appeal concludes, the prudent investor should not neglect "the great opportunity which slum clearance and rehousing presents."

> It is sufficiently obvious that it is sound business enterprise to make it questionable whether it can claim to be public service at all.

Quite! And it is a pity that an appeal for so good a movement should be handled in this ignoble spirit. C. M. L.

JUST OUT

ESSAYS IN CONSTRUCTION

By the Very Rev. W. R. MATTHEWS, D.D.

Author of *God: In Christian Thought and Experience*

In this book the Dean of Exeter discusses most of the issues which are vital to the interpretation of Christianity as it stands to-day; among these are:—

RELIGION AND ILLUSION
SCIENCE AND RELIGION
THE HISTORICAL PROBLEM
THE TRUTH OF THE RESURRECTION
WAS JESUS MISTAKEN?
IS THE VIRGIN BIRTH TRUE?
IS THERE A PROBLEM OF EVIL?
IMMORTALITY

7/6 *net*

THE PERSON OF CHRIST

By Professor L. W. GRENSTED, D.D.

"Written with urgency and intense conviction, it has, I think, charted the course for all future explorers of this territory."—CANON BARRY in the *British Weekly*.

Second Edition at press 10/6 *net*

NISBET

P.'s AND Q.'s

No Nice Girl Swears. By ALICE LEONE MOATS. *Cassell*, 6s.
A Manual of Modern Manners. By PAMELA FRANKAU. *Cresset Press*, 3s. 6d.

No Nice Girl Swears, by Alice Leone Moats, is a "Guide to very modern Etiquette" in America for young ladies. At the beginning, Miss Moats tells us that "A famous genius (and note that we say famous) can get away with anything, but the rest of us must conform to certain unalterable rules and regulations if we wish to be accepted socially," and from there on she proceeds to paint a vivid and most absorbing picture of life in that social circle of which she is speaking. We see these people—their American accents seem to fill the air—as they travel down to Newport for the week-end in smart suits "of some dark material," as they lunch and dine out with other people's wives or husbands in "well-known restaurants" in order to avoid giving "a furtive clandestine air to the whole thing," as they work in offices in crisp collar and cuffs; we watch all agog, the young buds managing "the ten standard types of drunks" at those crowded parties given in smart hotels, and also follow them, dressed in their comfortable riding togs, to the camping parties in the Adirondacks. The author instructs us minutely how to manage all these manoeuvres so as to be accepted socially. A practical and austere attitude of mind is the thing, it seems. Thus, "When your escort passes out in a public place, waste no time in worrying over him. Get up and leave quickly, take a taxi and go home. He will find his way home somehow when he comes to or has been thrown out by the management." In the same way whilst visiting the family of a beau, the advice is "Be on time for all meals and try to keep the young man sober. If he persists in going to sleep on the floor of the drawing-room after you return from a dance . . . get him upstairs and into his room, being careful not to set foot in it yourself. There is no plumbing the depths of a mother's thoughts."

Apropos of love-letters, we learn, "Effusions of any kind have gone completely out of style. . . When your latest beau goes to South America, don't try to out-Ethel Miss Dell and go off into passionate flights of literary ecstasy. . . Packages of letters tied up in pastel ribbon smack ridiculously of the 'nineties. . . ." Austerity in all things is the rule; when contemplating a present to a man friend, it is "in bad taste to shower diamond cuff-links and pearl studs on a young man. . . Let yourself go at Christmas time . . . but even then curb your generosity and pick out things like money clips, bill folds, or good-luck medals."

In the chapter on divorce we learn that nowadays ex-husbands and wives feel no animosity towards each other, and "friends are not expected to take sides." There is no nonsense anywhere, and when a husband comes to town for the divorce hearing, the wife's fiancee is sent to meet him and in the evening they all go out "on a bender" together to celebrate the engagement. Miss Moats's comment on this behaviour applies with equal justness, probably, to the social life she has so deftly displayed to us—"A little confusing, perhaps, but oh, so pleasant, and amiable!" An amusing book this.

Pamela Frankau's *A Manual of Modern Manners*, is a satire on the manners of English society. It is written in the form of an ordinary "Etiquette" book with instructions for behaviour divided up under different headings; there is a chapter devoted to clothes, another to marriage and divorce customs, another to

John Murray's New Books are ideal Christmas Presents

***"Perfect."**—The Morning Post.* *2nd Impression Printing*

THE HALCYON ERA

By LORD ERNEST HAMILTON

"Very amusing book; clever illustrations."—*The Star.* With 20 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MINISTERS

By SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT. "The material is rich. It is also final."—LORD ERNLE in the *Sunday Times.* With 10 Illustrations. 9s. net.

FOR MY GRANDSON

REMEMBRANCES *of an* ANCIENT VICTORIAN. By the Right Hon. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bt. "One could go on for ever, picking out plums."—*The Times.* Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

ROMANCE OF THE WHITE ROSE

By GRANT R. FRANCIS, F.S.A. "Carefully documented and vividly presented."—*Evening Standard.* With 20 Illustrations. 18s. net.

WORKS AND DAYS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MICHAEL FIELD. Edited by T. and D. C. STURGE MOORE. "A fascinating book."—ROBERT LYND in the *News Chronicle.* Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

"This most moving book."—*THE TIMES.*

EDWARD WILSON

OF THE ANTARCTIC

By GEORGE SEAVER

16 Half-tones and 7 Coloured Illustrations, etc. ***Third Impression Printing.*** **10s. 6d. net**

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS OVER A LONG LIFE

By LADY MARY MEYNELL. "Could only have been written by a great lady."—*The Times.* Illustrated. 12s. net.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

MEMORIES & FRIENDSHIPS OF FORTY YEARS. By W. HUTCHEON. "Good stories in plenty; a delightful possession."—*Birmingham Post.* 5s. net.

CHRISTIAN MYTH AND RITUAL

A HISTORICAL STUDY.

By E. O. JAMES, D. LITT. A valuable work on the origin of ritual in the early Church. 12s. net.

HADWEN OF GLOUCESTER

MAN, MEDICO, MARTYR

By BEATRICE E. KIDD and M. EDITH RICHARDS. "Absorbing . . . remarkable life story."—*Gloucester Journal.* Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

***"Wise and entertaining."**—The Daily Telegraph.*

DAME MADGE KENDAL

By HERSELF

"A mine of wisdom, humour and self-revelation."—*Morning Post.* With 19 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

ON HILL AND PLAIN

By LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, K.G. "Lord Hardinge's delightful book."—*The Field.* Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

CAN AMERICA LAST?

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. "Supremely a book that ought to be read."—*Saturday Review.* 10s. 6d. net.

ROUND THE SMOKING ROOM FIRE

By MAJOR C. E. RADCLYFFE. "One of the most famous raconteurs of his generation."—*The Star.* Illustrated. 6s. net.

FOOT-LOOSE IN INDIA

By GORDON SINCLAIR. "Gordon Sinclair is the Phillips Oppenheim of travel."—*Sphere.* 7s. 6d. net.

***"A treasure house."**—Sunday Chronicle.*

ANT ANTICS

Presented and Illustrated by ESTELLA CAVE

With Accompaniments by Stanley Baldwin, Rudyard Kipling and OTHERS. With 12 Three-Colour and 16 Monochrome Illustrations. *Second Impression Printing.* 5s. net.

NEW 7/6 net FICTION

P. C. WREN'S NEW NOVEL

ACTION AND PASSION

"A humming story. Exactly the kind of stirring stuff with which Mr. Wren has won the hearts of thousands of readers."—*Illustrated London News.*

TANGLED LOVE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS. "Her best book up to date."—*Saturday Review.*

THE UNMEASURED PLACE

By JOHN LAMBOURNE. "Might have been written by the author of 'Dracula'"—*Sunday Times.*

50 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

money matters, and so on. The authoress's aim seems to be to show how the custom in society to-day is to do the reverse of the "decent thing" in every case quoted. For instance, she instructs us that one of the chief objectives of a "host" is "to avoid his guests." And for the guests—to avoid tipping. Again, in the chapter headed "On Financial Strategy," we are told "Five pounds borrowed is better than six pounds earned," and so on and so forth.

The book is not much more than an ordinary etiquette book written in reverse. It is quite amusing, however, and the points made quite neatly, but occasionally the reader becomes aware that he has heard the same point of view often before, in current magazines and in the novels about the Bright Young People.

M. N.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCH

The Queen and Mr. Gladstone. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 25s.

Queen Victoria and Her Ministers. By SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Sir John Marriott begins his new study of Victorian monarchy with the remark that he is concerned with "a single and special aspect of the reign—the relations between a Sovereign strictly conforming to the unwritten law of a constitutional monarchy, and her confidential servants." Sir John is not an historian from whom one expects boldness or originality, but one might have hoped that the later volumes of Buckle's *Letters of Queen Victoria* would have shaken him out of the traditional view of the Queen. Elastic as the unwritten law of the British Constitution is, it surely cannot be stretched to cover the Queen's behaviour to Mr. Gladstone. Sir John says that she "well understood the constitutional limits imposed on her; she knew that in the last resort the opinions of the Minister, backed by Parliament and the constituencies, must prevail." True, she knew that if intrigue and obstruction failed she would have to give way. She did not push things to the last extremity, but she went as far as she dared, writing to Ministers out of office in efforts to circumvent the Premier and, in one really disgraceful instance, writing to Lady Wolseley suggesting that she should inform her husband, then in command in Egypt, that if the Government continued to refuse his demands, the Queen's wish was that he should threaten to resign in order to force the Government's hand. She added an instruction that Lady Wolseley should burn the letter. Sir John Marriott has presumably overlooked this incident in his researches. Even he could scarcely say that the Monarch was "strictly conforming" to the unwritten law of the Constitution when she privately conveyed to a soldier in the field the suggestion that he should force the hand of the Government on whose advice she was constitutionally wholly dependent.

Leaving aside such grossly unconstitutional acts, the Queen's interpretation of her right to advise and warn her Ministers was so broad that had half the truth been made known by Mr. Gladstone the powers of the monarchy would certainly have been modified, if indeed the institution itself had survived the century. It survived because Mr. Gladstone was completely loyal and unbelievably patient. It never entered his head that he might make party capital out of her preposterous interferences. The extent of these interferences, which ranged from the most trivial to the most serious matters of State, appears more clearly in Mr. Guedalla's new volume than ever before. Mr. Guedalla is an excellent editor: his Preface is written with a directness that we do not usually associate with him, and he has been wise enough to summarise with the minimum of comment and to let the documents speak for themselves.

It is a shocking story. The story of a great man—for critical though one may be of Gladstone, he was a commanding figure, immensely able and energetic and generously minded—attempting great things and finding himself opposed not only by the external political forces which he could fight in the open, but also by the secret, relentless nagging of a bitterly prejudiced woman, who for the most part understood very imperfectly the affairs under discussion, but who could never be neglected and who had to be satisfied on every point before action could be taken. This may sound strong language, but I think that no unbiased person coming to these letters without the traditional picture of the Queen in mind will think it too strong. Sir John Marriott rightly argues that much of the Queen's power came from the fact that she was always there, that she had accumulated a body of experience and could therefore often influence newly appointed Ministers. When he adds that her knowledge "was immensely helpful to her Ministers" he seems precisely to miss the mark, and his statement that in reading countless dispatches she "allowed no detail to escape her" is one of those facile generalisations which show failure even to think about the problem. During Disraeli's flattering reign she was not called upon to notice details: the charmingly phrased reassurances of her favourite Minister that all was going well with the Empire and the Government were sufficient. When, after a futile struggle to keep Gladstone out, she had to accept him as Disraeli's successor, then, indeed, she did study the details of his countless memoranda, complaining if the unfortunate man after a late session in the House failed to write her fully about every particular. Yet the evidence of these letters is not that she understood the Government's legislation, but that in her capacity as relentless watch-dog on behalf of the Conservative conception of Empire, she was shrewd enough to pick out points which would particularly worry the Prime Minister, and careful, above all, to harass him about every appointment, high or low, that he wished to make. No wonder that even Mr. Gladstone's astonishing patience occasionally gave way: that he privately pronounced her obstruction "intolerable" and said, without much exaggeration, that the Queen alone was "enough to kill a man." Yet to her he was never anything except patient and courteous: his veneration for the Crown never left him, and deeply wounded though he was when, after a lifetime of devoted public service, the Queen accepted his resignation without a word of appreciation, sympathy or gratitude, his only request, noted in his diary, was that the details of his painful relationship with her should be kept secret. We owe to Mr. Guedalla the knowledge of a passage of quite unusual beauty in Mr. Gladstone's Diary. After describing how he once rode all day for two or three weeks on a mule in Sicily, he wrote:

> We rode usually with little interval from 6 a.m. to 4 p.m., and its undemonstrative, unsympathetic service was not inefficiently performed. In due time we arrived at Messina to take our departure for the Island. There my mule and I of necessity parted company.
>
> But I well remember having at the time a mental experience which was not unlike a turn of indigestion. I had been on the back of

THE NEW INDIAN CONSTITUTION
A. KRISHNASWAMI
10s. 6d.

A PEOPLE'S CHARTER
A. H. MACKMURDO
6s.

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF THE WORLD CRISIS
L. POTTER
3s. 6d.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE LTD.
28 Little Russell Street, W.C.1

JUNGLE MEMORIES

H. H. RUSBY. **12s. 6d. net**

".....of absorbing interest..... The book should be widely read and enjoyed, and would not be out of place on the shelf with Hudson's and Bates's."—*Times Lit. Supp.*

THE ART OF ENJOYING MUSIC

SIGMUND SPAETH. **8s. 6d. net**

In this book Dr. Spaeth attempts to answer finally that recurring question: 'How can I find out something about music without becoming involved in a maze of technical terms or assume either the ability or the desire to play a musical instrument?'

McGRAW-HILL PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Aldwych House, London, W.C.2

BRITISH MUSEUM

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND OTHER COLOURED REPRODUCTIONS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS (Coloured)

Price 2d. each; Set of 6, with Letterpress, 1s., by post 1s. 2d.

SOCIETY PASTIMES (Fifteenth Century).

Set B 68
B 403. Riding Party.
B 404. Hunting Scene.
B 405. Lovers in a Wood.
B 406. Tournament.
B 407. Lady in a Horse-Litter.
B 408. Lovers in a Garden.

ILLUMINATED MSS.: BOOKLETS

Price 1s. per Copy, by post 1s. 2d.

No. 46. CHRIST IN MAJESTY. 13th Century.
No. 47. THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. 14th Century.
No. 48. BEATUS PAGE FROM THE PSALTER OF THE ST. OMER FAMILY. 14th Century.
No. 49. THE STATES OF GOOD SOULS (PENITENCE, DEVOTION, CONTEMPLATION). About A.D. 1300.

SAXTON'S MAPS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND

REPRODUCED IN THE BEAUTIFUL COLOURS OF THE ORIGINALS

Price 5s. per Copy, by post 5s. 3d.
(*Excepting No.* 7 (10s.) *and No.* 12 (7s. 6d.))

1. Essex, 1576.
2. Kent, Sussex, Surrey and Middlesex, 1575.
3. Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, 1576.
4. Norfolk, 1574.
5. Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Berkshire, 1574.
6. Warwickshire and Leicestershire, 1576.
7. Yorkshire, 1577 (double sheet) 10s.
8. Lancashire, 1577.
9. Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire and Rutland, 1576.
10. Devonshire, 1575.
11. Dorsetshire, 1575.
12. Frontispiece. Portrait of Queen Elizabeth, 1579 (7s. 6d.).

(*In progress.* It is hoped in time to issue the whole series.)

Full lists sent free on application to the Director.

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, W.C.1

CAMBRIDGE

Third Edition of Sir JAMES JEANS The Universe Around Us

Revised, Re-set, and Enlarged

"A wonderful book for the plain man"
BY
"a man of science who is also an artist"

30 *plates.* 12s. 6d. *net*

Experience and its Modes

By MICHAEL OAKESHOTT

Mr Oakeshott, while he fully acknowledges his indebtedness both to Hegel and to Bradley, has thought out anew and independently the leading principles of the Idealist position; the result is a vigorous reformulation of them upon new lines. 15s. *net*

Some Aspects of the Life and Work of Nietzsche

PARTICULARLY OF HIS CONNECTION WITH GREEK LITERATURE AND THOUGHT

By A. H. J. KNIGHT

An elucidation of the philosopher's final *Weltanschauung* and a discussion of his dependence on Greek literature and his belief in a kinship with the Greek spirit. 10s. 6d. *net*

Ancient Italy and Modern Religion

By R. S. CONWAY

The proofs of this book were passed shortly before the author's death. It is his theme that the religion of the Italian peoples outside Rome contributed something to the common stock of ideas which Europe took over with the Christianity which it drew from Rome.

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. *net*

ROGER FRY

Art-History as an Academic Study

2s. *net*

UNIVERSITY PRESS

the beast for many scores of hours, it had done me no wrong; it had rendered me much valuable service, but it was in vain to argue; there was the fact staring me in the face. I could not get up the smallest shred of feeling for the brute; I could neither love it nor like it.

A rule of three sum is all that is necessary to conclude with. What the Sicilian mule was to me, I have been to the Queen; and the fortnight or three weeks are represented by 52 or 53 years.

Looking back to-day we may regret on public grounds the loyalty which on private grounds we so much admire in Mr. Gladstone. If Gladstone had stood up to the Queen, if the public had known her true function as an obstruction scarcely less serious than the House of Lords, the constitutional position of the Monarchy might long ago have been more clearly defined and we might have saved the evil precedent of the attempted use of the name of the Monarch for the purposes of treason against the British Government in 1913 to 1914. K. M.

NEW SATIRES

One-Way Song. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The Dance of Death. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 2s. 6d.

Ladies' Mistakes. By JAMES LAVER. *Nonesuch Press.* 6s.

A poem of two thousand lines is scarcely one of the things that might have been predicted of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Nor, given the poem, would one have guessed that the name of Boileau would be invoked. What is less surprising is that, remembering Boileau, he should have sat down and written a poem in the style of Mr. Lewis. One notices, however, and applauds, as at a wrestling match, the change of grip. Rough rhyme and a tough rhythm have given fresh impetus to his attack on the Time God, adversary of so many bouts, and *One-Way Song* is an all-in tumble of argument, personal expostulation and flourishes at the future.

> Have I not marcopoloed up and down
> The universe of this "expanding" town
> Bursting with sodden nonsense? Am I not still
> Tracking an unmapped landfall with my quill?

It is, of course, the folly of the "Time" philosophy, the "Great God Flux," that is still being tracked down with relentless zeal. Flaubert was not more keen in pursuit of the bourgeois. "Oh World, Oh Life, *Oh Time!*" exclaims Mr. Lewis, with a new emphasis—though not so new for him. The Time theme was heard first seven years ago in *The Art of Being Ruled*; then discussed at length in *Time and Western Man*. It provoked the vorticist chuckle of "You Broke My Dream," the Bailiff's speeches and whole landscapes in *The Childermass*. It has been, in fact, the natural itch, and the cunningly disposed culture, that has produced so many of Mr. Lewis's biggest pearls: some of them, perhaps, rather too big to be real.

The time-slaves of Mr. Lewis's satire—one-way machines, ape behind and robot in front—are driven across the page, like anatomies, with an appraising personal glee. Or, losing caste, they become mere Backs and Fronts—with philosophies to match—still bending forwards and pointing the toe one-way. This odd mechanist ballet, with surgical surprises as it were and vast transformation scenes (now the Fronts are all Backs) is projected wholly in the back-chat of the Author, the Enemy, the Bailiff, and those even more mysterious figures who answer back. A physiological-metaphysical diagram is set forth in rough rich lingo, and the contrast between shapes and utterance gives the poem much of its effect. To adopt a one-way terminology, the Back of the poem is its vocabulary—

> And borrow a bellow or two from the pictish or the manxman.
> Set all our mother-tongue reeling with eruption of obsolete vocables.

—while its armoured Front is the procession of muscular images for which Mr. Lewis is famous as a *visuel*. That the verse is effective goes without saying. Chat and rhetoric, a rhythm like a wheezy pump and lines of unexpected beauty, succeed one another on almost every page.

> That's where the chicken got the chopper, lad.
> Upon his curly sunflower discus pat.
> . . . . . .
> I am the apostle of an ancient peace,
> Even spurn the provocation of my fleas.
> I am the man that holds his hand. I am
> The quixote-fingered. Mild-horned coptic ram.

YOUR PROBLEM SOLVED!
GIVE

A BOOK TOKEN

3/6
5/-
7/6
10/6
21/-

to the friend for whom you cannot choose a book. Book Tokens are on sale in bookshops. Your friends can exchange them in almost any town for books of their own choice.

The price of the Book Token is that of the book you want to give plus 3d. for the Token Card, which contains a greeting and an attractive book plate. There are five Token prices (3/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/-) and any special value can be made up by combining them.

Ask your bookseller about Book Tokens, or in case of difficulty write to the National Book Council, 3 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. 2.

Do you deserve peace ?

If you have seen or read Tchehov's *The Sea-Gull* you may remember these lines:

Trigorin: Everyone writes as he likes and as he can.

Madame Arkadin: Let him write as he likes and as he can, only let him leave me in peace.

In this column the Goss brothers write as they like and as they can, but can they afford to leave you in peace? Only if you are quite satisfied that your clothes cost you no more than they should, fit you as well and as comfortably as they should, and last as long as they should. For if you are not getting all these things, Goss is not sure that you deserve peace!

Since 1924 the Goss brothers have spent many pounds here telling you their very simple story. Don't think it hasn't paid them—of course it has, or they couldn't go on. But to get a man to change his tailor is almost as difficult as to get him to change his skin.

Yet one by one you are coming along, and the Gosses would not wish otherwise than that you should come one by one, for the main plank of their platform is personal service, and how could the two brothers cope with the measuring, cutting and fitting *personally* if you all suddenly decided to come along at once?

So peace you can have—at a price! And the Goss price for peace about your clothes will stand any fair comparison. Remember, please, Goss uses the finest materials that English mills provide. This applies as much to the unseen foundations of a suit or an overcoat as to the wide range of distinctive and durable cloths that go to the main structure.

Why not give yourself a Goss suit as a Christmas present? There is plenty of time for delivery if you will order at once.

Goss's comparatively slight overheads and their practice of asking customers to pay cash on completion of order, make possible very reasonable charges for a standard of tailoring equal to any obtainable in London. A thoroughly reliable Goss suit or overcoat may now be bought for Six Guineas, the better materials costing Seven to Nine and a Half Guineas. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 8259*

Give Good Cheer *This Year!*

MACKIE'S of EDINBURGH have a world-wide reputation. Their famous **SHORTBREAD, CAKES, PLUM PUDDINGS** and **SCOTCH BUNS** carry greetings everywhere in a most delightful way. May we send you an illustrated price list and suggestions?

EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD
In tins - - - - - 2/4, 4/4, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6
By inland post - - 2/10, 5/1, 7/3, 9/3, 11/6
or C.O.D.

MACKIE'S PLUM PUDDINGS
In boxes - - - - - - 2/3, 4/-, 6/-, 8/-
By inland post - - - 3/1, 4/10, 7/1, 9/1
or C.O.D.

MACKIE'S SCOTCH BUNS
In boxes - - - - - 5/10, 8/-, 11/-, 15/10
By inland post - - 6/8, 8/10, 12/1, 16/11
or C.O.D.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
108 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.
Telephone: 22021-5

The finest gift for all who write

To the Professional man, the Clergyman, the Traveller, or the Student, the 'Good Companion' would be the most welcome of all Christmas presents. The only English-made portable typewriter with Standard four-bank keyboard, the 'Good Companion' costs—complete with carrying case—

12 Guineas

or by subscription payments £2. 2. 0. deposit

From typewriter dealers, the leading stores and stationers

Imperial
'Good Companion'

POST TO-DAY

To Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester, Eng.

Please send me your 'Good Companion' folder.

Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

N.S.

One-Way Song is a surprising performance, like most of Mr. Lewis's, and, I think, a surprisingly successful one. Though direct enough in address, it must be read several times for its implications.

The technique of Mr. Auden's *The Dance of Death* is far smoother; indeed, it is boring, and perhaps intentionally so. Like Mr. Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes* this poem is a drama of futility, conveyed in the terms of jazz. Sun-bathing, physical jerks, theatrical chat and Marxism are moaned out in saxophone voices so near the original that much of the irony is lost.

> Strip off your shirt,
> Kick off your shoes,
> It won't hurt
> To leave behind those office blues. . . .

For those who like both jazz and modern poetry, *The Dance of Death* will no doubt have its attractions. It seems to me largely a waste of energy; the satire is monotonous and thin, with an air of nowhere to go except in the direction of a false proleterianism. Compare the passages on England with those in *One-Way Song* and it will be obvious that though Mr. Auden is a better rhymer than Mr. Lewis, he is only half the satirist, and here, at any rate, only half the poet.

Ladies' Mistakes contains two pieces which have already been published—"A Stitch in Time" and "Love's Progress"—and a new poem of the same length and genre, "Cupid's Changeling." They are witty, graceful, and exceedingly smooth. The immoral situation is gently exploited, the mock-heroic warms to tenderness, and satire is restrained to the compass of a sword-dance. It is a small art in which finish is everything—and Mr. Laver invariably finishes well.

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER NOTICES

Back-Stage: A Survey of the Contemporary English Theatre from Behind the Scenes. By PHILIP GODFREY. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To chase all the theatrical hares Mr. Godfrey starts would occupy a long and amusing lifetime. For the scenes behind which he takes us are more often metaphorical than material; though he is perhaps at his best when he keeps within that area of the theatre which is reached *via* the stage door. He has, however, much to say of the business side of the theatre, especially as it exists to-day when actor-managements are few and far between, though there are signs that the bloated millionaire of the post-war boom is giving place to more knowledgeable people. On the whole Mr. Godfrey is a little too disgruntled. The English theatre is not really at such a pass as he would have us believe. Even the Censorship, at which of course he tilts, is becoming more generous to the sincere writer who deals with subjects that were taboo in Victorian parlours. Mr. Godfrey deals faithfully with actors and actresses who are so accustomed to behaving that they are forgetting how to act. In the main, however, the faults of latter-day acting are due to producers who in many cases carry naturalism to such excess that one wonders whether they have forgotten that the space in front of the stage is called, and is supposed to be, the auditorium.

The Diffusion of Culture. By G. ELLIOT SMITH. *Watts.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

On reading Professor Elliot Smith's preface to this popular exposition of diffusion a hope was raised that in the great controversy between the diffusionist and his adversaries the axes were to be buried. But it is only his opponents' axe the Professor proposes to inter. The present book, indeed, is designed to demonstrate that all the higher cultures and civilisations are derived from one source: Egypt. Of course a good case is made out for diffusion on a wide scale, even on a world-wide scale when the available evidence suggests it. But as yet the evidence still points to the probability that such fundamental crafts as those of the herdsman, shepherd and agriculturist were invented more than once by the pressure of circumstances acting upon similar intelligences. Professor Elliot Smith's latest sally makes capital reading, but one could wish that there had been photographs instead of drawings of elephant-headed figures and other orientalisms from America. Photographs would have been more convincing.

30,000 RECORDS
WERE MADE THIS YEAR

TO hear them all played through would be sheer impossibility for the average gramophone enthusiast.
Therefore, to ensure that only the finest recordings are added to your collection, you should avail yourself of the assistance and guidance of recognised experts.
At Imhof House, there is an unrivalled selection of records for your choice which can be made with the help of experts in recorded music. Twenty-six acoustically designed audition rooms are at your service, equipped with either radio-gramophones or acoustic models according to choice, and to ensure that every record you purchase is in perfect condition, only fibre needles are used for demonstration.
Whether you are building up a representative collection of gramophone music, or planning a programme of entertainment for a special occasion you will find it wise to take advantage of the facilities which are freely placed at your disposal by Alfred Imhof.
Here are a few titles from our stock which includes all records from our own special catalogues of foreign recordings, the His Master's Voice Connoisseur's catalogue and every record in the H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca, Brunswick and Decca Polydor catalogues.

● MOZART
Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter") K.551. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra cond. by Boult. Four 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1272-5.

● BACH
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1. Two 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1310-1.
Brandenburg Concerto No. 2. Two 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1312-3.
Brandenburg Concerto No. 4. Two 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1313-5.
École Normale Chamber Orchestra cond. by Cortot. Concerto in E Major. Menuhin and Orchestre Symphonique de Paris. Three 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1284-6.

● CHOPIN
Twenty-Four Preludes Op. 28. Cortot. Four 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1295-8.
Sonata in B Flat Minor. Op. 35. Cortot. Two 12in. records, 6s. ea. IMC.1299-1300.

● SCARLATTI
Three Sonatas—G Major, G Minor and G Major. On the reverse BACH Prelude and Fugue in A Minor. Frida Kwast-Hodapp. One 12in. record, 4s. IMB.1292.

Write for complete list giving full details of other records and ask for a copy of "This Year of Radio." This book deals with modern aspects of Radio and Records, containing authoritative articles on "Forming a Library of Music" and "The Approach to the New Music."

ALFRED IMHOF LTD.
112-116 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 5944 (4 lines).

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

PENNY PLAIN AND TUPPENCE COLOURED

ARRANGEMENTS of old music may vulgarly be divided into Penny Plain and Tuppence Coloured. Though usually on the side of the first I can see that there is something to be said for the second. The Tuppence Coloured arrangement is often due more to practical difficulties than to sheer bad taste. Chamber orchestral concerts are dying out and with them a vast amount of music that in its original version is only suited to a small hall. The conductor who wishes to perform in a big hall a classical work in which the continuo part is essential is faced with a tricky problem. One harpsichord sounds too thin, two are an expense, and the piano sounds filthy. It is hardly to be wondered at if he scores the continuo part himself, occasionally adding instruments that strictly speaking are out of period. The version of the second Brandenburg used by Heger at the Courtauld-Sargent concert was a good example of this excusable though regrettable thickening out. There is again no reason why we should not hear Bach's organ works on the orchestra, for otherwise most of us would never hear them at all. (How many concert-goers attend an organ recital?) Here I am all for a bold treatment, and prefer Elgar's orchestrally conceived bravura arrangements to those of Schönberg, which, with diabolical ingenuity, preserve the more unpleasant timbres of a grand organ.

Finally, there is the old work which, while full of good moments, is unequal in quality and unwieldy in size. Handel's Water Music is a case in point. Although the best of his "occasional pieces," an integral performance is out of the question. It consists of a lengthy string of short movements of which about one in three is really worth listening to in the concert hall. Sir Hamilton Harty is entirely justified in picking out the best numbers, and by using one piece as a trio to another he has avoided the scrappiness of the original. The addition of clarinets and third and fourth horns may be questioned, but they are used with great discretion and at no time does the personality of the arranger obtrude itself unnecessarily. It should be pointed out that the more obvious purple patches in the scoring, such as the solo for horns with the trill at the end, occur in the original. Brilliantly played by the L.P.O. under Harty the Water Music can be recommended without any reservation (Columbia two 12in. DX538–9).

Penny Plain is the last thing we expect from Respighi, the Raphael Tuck of modern music. After running through the gamut of fountains, pines, picture galleries and church windows, and finally butchering the orchestra to make a Roman Festival, he has turned his attention to birds. His new suite for orchestra, *Gli Uccelli*, is a free arrangement of a number of old pieces inspired by bird life, of which only Rameau's *La Poule* and Daquin's *Coucou* were familiar to me.

GRAMOPHONE MUSIC
for the Connoisseur

Trade is improving, and in a short space of time we hope that we shall be able to join with the rest of the nation in thanking the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a reduction in Taxation. Even if it does not occur, it will not deter the British public from distributing gifts at Christmas as usual. To a lover of music nothing is more acceptable than carefully selected recordings of the works of the great Masters—a joy to give and a joy to hear.

At 42, Cranbourn Street, the "unusual" Gramophone shop, a courteous, intelligent and informative staff is at your service to help select records for your friends who have the advantage of musical minds. Here are a few records selected at random :—

1. **"The Sleeping Beauty" Ballet Suite.** (Tchaikowsky.) Hollywood Bowl Orchestra conducted by E. Goossens. 2 H.M.V. records, **6/-** each.
2. **Violin Concerto in E major.** (Mozart.) J. Thibaud and Symphony Orchestra conducted by Malcolm Sargent. 3 H.M.V. records, **6/-** each.
3. **"Das Veilchen"** and **"Sehnsucht nach dem Fruhling."** (Mozart.) Sigrid Onegin. 1 H.M.V. record, **4/-**
4. **"Le Martyr de Saint Sebastian."** (Debussy.) Paris Symphony Orchestra conducted by Piero Coppola. 2 H.M.V. records, **8/3** each.

Write for our latest list of recordings. No record is ever touched with a metal needle.

Get your Radio or Radiogram from

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD
42/3 CRANBOURN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2
(Just opposite the Hippodrome)
Gerrard 1171.

Hours 9.30—7 *p.m.* *Thursdays* 9.30—1 *p.m.*

We pay carriage on all orders of 15/- and over, and guarantee safe delivery.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night give comfort and protection.
2/- per bottle
All Chemists
3/- double size

A UNIQUE AND CHARMING GIFT BOOK

FROM CAIRO to SIWA
ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT WITH ARMOURED CARS

To which is added

A short account of the History, Superstitions, and Customs of the inhabitants of that country

By

Major T. I. DUN, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.M.C.

containing many Photographic Illustrations and Coloured Wood-blocks, and having each page illuminated.

A FOREWORD IS CONTRIBUTED BY
FIELD-MARSHAL
SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD, Bart.

PRICES:

Standard Edition	18/6
De Luxe	26/-
Full Leather, Signed Edition (limited to 25 copies for Gt. Britain)	39/-

A Prospectus will be sent gratis on request.

JOHN SMITH & SON (Glasgow) Ltd.
57 & 61 St. Vincent Street, GLASGOW, C.2
and ALL BOOKSELLERS

If you hope to live in the country—or want to know the country as it really is—you have got to read the

COUNTRYMAN

SEVENTH YEAR — 320 PAGES (Illus.)

It's 'The Times' that says: 'There is nothing like it in journalism. To live in the country without it is to suffer a narrowing of knowledge and interest. There is nothing long, dull, useless or uninteresting. Extraordinarily good value.' H. G. Wells is a Life Subscriber. The Poet Laureate: 'I prefer it to any periodical.' The late Thomas Hardy: '"The Countryman" makes one feel in the country'

Arriving 4 times yearly as a beautiful volume, handy for the shelf, and the pocket—a permanent possession—it is welcomed all over the Kingdom, in the Dominions, and in almost every foreign country.

Because we know that you will relish a Country Periodical which is different — produced not in London but in a hamlet—we will send, if you mention the 'New Statesman' (which thinks it 'singularly attractive'), a Specimen Copy of this extraordinarily successful 2/6 magazine for 1/- only. (If you are abroad send your address only). Address: Idbury, Kingham, Oxfordshire

BUMPUS

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Books for Presents can be chosen easily at Bumpus's. All the newest publications, and good books on every subject and at all prices, will be found conveniently arranged, and we are always ready to advise and help.

SAMUEL PEPYS

A tercentenary exhibition of manuscripts, letters, portraits, prints and books. Now open.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A wide selection of interesting Christmas Cards and Calendars of the better sort can be seen on the Second Floor.

Write for two new Catalogues, BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS and BOOKS ON ART.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
350 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601

BOOKS

SOCIAL HOLIDAYS
in SUNNY GUEST-HOUSES

in the finest scenery in Great Britain and on the Continent.

MODERATE Winter Season CHARGES
and a
SPECIAL REBATE OF 5/- PER WEEK
for continuous residence of four weeks and over

Full particulars from
THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP (Dept. 75)
Fellowship House, Great North Way, London, N.W.4

EXCELLENT INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Earn High Rate of interest from Russian Bills of Exchange—payable in sterling. Sales by British Exporters. Securities held in Trust by Bank. Multiples of £50 and upwards. Personal enquiries. Write

CONST & CO. LTD.,
FIRST AVENUE HOUSE, 45, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1.
or 'phone Holborn 6251

Respighi evidently sets out with the best intentions, and *La Colombe* (which contains some beautiful oboe playing) is scored with a certain restraint. But in the second record he lets his fancy run riot, and we soon begin to share the feelings of The Old Man with a Beard and The Old Woman in White. Respighi is one of the many orchestrators who do not realise that implied onomatopoeics on the piano are not the same as actual onomatopoeics on the orchestra. Still, for those unburdened by scruples it is quite a pleasant entertainment. (French Columbia two 12in. The Brussels Conservatoire Orchestra under Desiré Defauw LFX 207–8.) After this pantomimic example of the Tuppence Coloured it is a relief to turn to the sterling Penny Plain of Edwin Fischer, who has arranged for chamber orchestra the 6-part Ricercare on a theme by Frederick the Great which forms part of the *Musical Sacrifice* which Bach dedicated to this monarch in 1747.

On this unpromising material Bach erects a magnificent contrapuntal structure with a most moving climax. The arrangement is well carried out though a little thick in the lower register. (H.M.V. 12in. D.B. 4419, Kammer-Orchester under Edwin Fischer.)

It is odd how we talk about " Bach counterpoint " as if it was a consistent and recognisable thing. We might just as well talk about " Shakespeare's mood." To go from the Ricercare to a Brandenburg Concerto is like going from Schönberg to Hindemith.

A fine recording of the fifth Brandenburg is issued by H.M.V., the players being Cortot, Thibaud, Cortet (flute) and the École Normale Chamber orchestra. Tonal balance and tonal strength are both admirably judged and the intimate effect of the whole is delightful. I understand that the whole series is being issued. If the others are up to this standard they should be regarded as the definitive recordings of these works. I have no space to review adequately the many excellent Chopin recordings issued by H.M.V. By his playing of the four Scherzi Rubinstein shows that he is well able to challenge comparison with any pianist whose vogue, being more recent, is, for the moment, greater. His is the intensely Polish view of Chopin. Cortot, who has recorded, among other things, the Ballade and the Fantaisie, takes the French view of Chopin, and his readings, though less virile, are always polished and sympathetic.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

A MAGNIFICENT CHRISTMAS GIFT!

A limited edition of

CARICATURES

by

LOW

THE NEW SERIES of Low's Caricatures now appearing weekly in *The New Statesman and Nation* is being prepared as a special Limited Edition of One Hundred Sets of the Twelve Subjects, printed on hand-made paper, signed by the Artist and Numbered.

THE BIOGRAPHIES now appearing each week with the caricatures are being set and printed in an especially attractive form as an edition de luxe to be included in a Portfolio, specially designed and made by the Curwen Press for the Limited Edition.

This Limited Edition is now being subscribed at Three Guineas the Set of Twelve Caricatures, including the Curwen edition of the Biographies and the special Limited Edition Portfolio, and the Edition will be issued

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS!

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 49.—MISS TAPPIT

Torquemada wanted a new typist. Several girls applied for the post, so Torquemada decided to make his selection by competitive examination. He therefore tested each girl in Shorthand, Typing and Arithmetic, awarding, in each subject, as many marks as there were candidates to the girl who was placed first; one mark fewer to the girl placed second; and so on; the bottom girl in each subject receiving, of course, just one mark. The successful candidate was she who received most marks on the aggregate of the three subjects.

When I asked Torquemada for details of the examination, he was inclined to be enigmatic. " I'll just tell you three things," said he. " First: no two girls secured the same total mark. Second: the sum of all the marks awarded, plus the difference between the top girl's total mark and the bottom girl's total mark, was equal to ten times the bottom girl's total mark. Third: each girl scored the same mark in Shorthand and in one other subject."

What place in the examination was taken by Miss Tappit, who was awarded four marks for typing?

PROBLEM 47.—NOGGS

Noggs won £2, less 18s. contributed to the pool, i.e., £1 2s.

(I am accepting as the correct answer either £2 or £1 2s., as it is not quite clear from the wording of the problem whether the 18s. is to be deducted or not.)

The problem is to find a number n, such that n is capable of division (in integers) into three parts, no two of them equal, in $n + 1$ different ways. By trial and error it can readily be discovered that $n = 18$.

Hence there were 19 $(n + 1)$ competitors in the games, the various days' prizes being, in shillings:

15	2	1	11	5	2	9	7	2
14	3	1	11	4	3	9	6	3
13	4	1	10	7	1	9	5	4
13	3	2	10	6	2	8	7	3
12	5	1	10	5	3	8	6	4
12	4	2	9	8	1	7	6	5
11	6	1						

Third prizes total 42s., of which Noggs receives all but 2s., i.e., 40s.

PROBLEM 46.—PENNY POST

A set of Low's cartoons goes to I. Gilchrist, 11 Carson Road, W. Dulwich, S.E.21.

There were nineteen correct and six incorrect solutions.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 45.—CALIBAN'S WILL

I find, on further inspection of the solutions submitted, that none is in agreement with that published last week. I have received reasoned protests against the published solution from E. S. Pearson, D. S. Crawford, H. M. Hutchinson, G. Hopkins, " Ruby," J. C. Button, J. A. Robins, and Frank S. Webb. I am much indebted to these gentlemen for the trouble they have taken, and am sending on their letters to Mr. Newman. But I cannot guarantee that he will be able to answer all arguments in detail: it looks like a week's hard work.

PROBLEM 36.—MENDACIA

For some unexplained reason, points were never awarded for this problem. It is worth nine. Will the following solvers add that number to their scores, please:

F. Addison, W. H. Boll, Miss B. Brewster, F. Bush, V. S. Butler, R. W. B. Clarke, D. S. Crawford, H. L. Cox, L. H. L. Cook, Rev. J. S. Gow, J. Jones, A. J. Knowlden, Miss E. L. N. Lintott, F. W. Pethick Lawrence, E. T. Moore, R. Martin, R. L. Michaelson, " Alms," L. R. M., W. Oldham, L. G. Roussin, " Rigel," A. G. Stripp, A. J. Terry, J. R. Whalley, F. S. Webb, F. C. Watts, A. Wilson.

PROBLEM 37.—OVERTURE TO JUTLAND

The sub-committee on Jutland, after mature consideration, has decided that to this problem, as stated, there is no unique solution. Its determination involves assumptions on the part of each Admiral, as to what the other fellow is assuming, which do not lend themselves to mathematical statement. Hence, I propose to award *ten* points to every solver whose solution is defensible from any one intelligible standpoint, or who set out the conclusion stated above. A list of those qualifying will follow.

PLAYTIME DINNER

Mr. Shovelton tells me he has now definitely arranged for Thursday, January 11th. Arundel Hotel, Strand, 7.30 for 8. Full particulars next week.

CALIBAN

Wise Charity—

The number of objects which can claim our sympathy and help was never more than it is to-day, which is only another way of saying that anybody who can give to-day must not put it off till to-morrow. Between now and Christmas this paper will contain a series of notes and appeals of various organisations which deserve our readers' consideration.

THE CHURCH ARMY

The spectacle of unemployed life all over the country would be a great deal more distressing than it already is were it not for the work of the Church Army in feeding and housing homeless men. Their work is well known in this field. It is perhaps less clearly realised that they are pioneers in a number of other fields, in many of which societies that are comparative new-comers have received more attention. In addition to this, Church Army Housing, working in close association with the Church Army itself, has already provided 366 houses for large families in the poorest conditions, and afforded them comfortable and roomy homes at rents of 5*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* per week including rates. Further schemes are in progress and under consideration at Exeter, Camberwell and Custom House (London), West Drayton, and elsewhere, and the Society is continuing its work in areas which have not been scheduled by the authorities, in many of which overcrowding is nevertheless severe. This work will, of course, have to be carried out without subsidies from the authorities, and it picks up the work of re-housing just where the official schemes drop it.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL

There can be few people in this country who have not had some relative or friend who was a sufferer from this disease, and who do not feel the reluctance shown by even doctors and nurses in mentioning the very name of it. These probably know the work that is being done to enable a cure to be found, and are justly proud of the fact that a great part of the necessary and expensive research work is undertaken in this country on a basis of voluntary subscription. It is thought that success may now not be so far removed. There is, therefore, now an extra reason for seeing that the work is continued, and that in the meantime the sufferers receive the best treatment known. The Cancer Hospital has just opened a new radiological department, as well as carrying on the work it was already doing. It is labouring under a deficit of £40,000.

THE N.S.P.C.C.

The N.S.P.C.C. will celebrate its fiftieth year in 1934. The records of the Society provide an education in the trend of public opinion. In 1884 it was looked upon as the introduction of a new principle to say that children who were in their parents' charge and not working were in need of supervision to prevent cruelty. Shaftesbury had completed his work for the child in the factory, but the ignorance, indifference or sheer brutality of the parent were subject to no check. Since then the Society has taken great strides. In 1884 it possessed one centre, one inspector, and dealt with ninety-five cases. In 1932–33 it had 262 inspectors and dealt with 43,521 cases. The rise in the figures gives some indication of the change in the public attitude, for such work cannot be effective without public co-operation. In its fiftieth year the Society intends again to extend its activities by appointing more inspectors. It is significant that wherever this is done the figures at once increase, for the public have come to have such confidence in the inspectors that reports are made as soon as it is known that an inspector is available near at hand. There are many districts where the inspector has the greatest difficulty in making this confidence felt, and the Society is appealing for £50,000 to enable them to reduce the size of districts where necessary and carry on the work which they are doing, the best investment for the country that could possibly be made.

THE FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

In the disintegrating Europe of to-day there is an especial necessity for an organisation which shall bring citizens of every country together to discuss practical means of mutual assistance, and to strengthen the work of peace by the maintenance of constant constructive intercourse. The Society of Friends has held this ideal before it since 1919, and has now centres in most of the countries of Europe and many in Asia. They are tackling such problems as that of education, health and "rural uplift" in India and the East, where they have many colleges and schools, and they provide meeting places for students and others in Europe, in addition to the relief work for which they are so well known in every distressed region. The latest task to which they have set their hands is the case of the German refugees in every country. They arrange hospitality, feed the destitute, arrange schools for the children, supply tools for those who can use them, and are trying to arrange for a farm settlement and for workshops where refugees may find occupation, as well as for special care and hospitality for those whose health has given way under ill-treatment or nervous strain. The German Emergency Committee has many willing workers trained in similar situations, and can do much if only the funds are forthcoming.

HEARTBREAKS at Christmas!

THE Christmas aim of the Church Army is to provide warmth and good cheer for those in genuine need.
There will be sadness and suffering enough in the homes of the very poor; the question is whether we can pull together to make the number of sufferers as small as possible.

What are the promptings of YOUR Heart?

Will you not show sympathy with these very poor families? Your gift to help one or more will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secy., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

£5 will provide parcels of good fare for TEN POOR FAMILIES.
10/- will pay for ONE such parcel.

CHURCH ARMY

Giving Joy at Christmas

WITH or without a red coat and whiskers you may be helping to keep alive the tradition of Santa Claus. It would be a sadder world without him. Will you be a party to another good work which aims at giving *lasting* happiness

to ILL-TREATED LITTLE CHILDREN?

Into the lives of unhappy little ones the N.S.P.C.C. comes with gifts of happiness and a fair chance in life. Its defence of young victims of brutality, ignorance and neglect has earned nation-wide esteem.

On an average FOUR little children are helped every FIVE minutes of every working day.

Will you kindly extend your Christmas Goodwill beyond your own circle by sending a donation to-day to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, or Director, William J. Elliott, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

The N.S.P.C.C

Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

ROOSEVELT LAUGHS—DOLLAR BOND EXCHANGES—TRUSTS FIXED AND OTHERWISE—PREFERENCE SHARE RIGHTS

WE must be excused for constantly reviewing the American scene. President Roosevelt is the first executive power since Lenin to wage a social war and conduct an economic revolution. Even for the British investor this may be very upsetting. An Englishman recently in America said that he obtained the same impression of a tremendous national ferment as he got in Russia in the first few years of the Bolshevik revolution. President Roosevelt is said to be supremely confident—making jokes, laughing loudly, thumping his friends on the back (a sign, we are told, of good humour), and giving every appearance of being on top of his world. This is good news, if painful to his friends, but it is not so good to hear that the Great Man will listen to no one but Professor Warren. We explained on a former occasion that Professor Warren is suffering from a delusion—namely, that he can automatically lift the internal price level by bidding higher prices for gold in a world no longer operating a closed gold system. This is a great pity, for President Roosevelt should concentrate upon making his inflation successful in the "orthodox" inflation way. However, we fail to understand the American "sound money" alarm at the gold-buying experiment. It is dangerous for the British Empire but hardly for America. When the dollar fell below its new gold "parity" last week (to 5.50), the Reconstruction Finance Corporation stopped advancing the price of gold, and when it appreciated above its gold parity this week (to 5.08), the price of gold was raised and the dollar was again brought under control. This indicates that the situation is not out of hand, and that President Roosevelt can afford to laugh loudly at the "sound money" group (when did America ever have "sound money"?). It seems probable that he will go on advancing the price of gold till the dollar is worth 50 cents in gold and then confront Congress with a *de facto* stabilisation. This would be a clever manoeuvre, for he would thereby obtain the support of all "sound money" and moderate parties against the wild and woolly inflationist *bloc* in Congress. And if he were forced to print "greenbacks" in order to meet Government bills (as we expect), he would then be able to call them "gold backs," pointing to the fact that the gold base of the currency had been doubled. Apparently, *conservative* opinion in America is now in favour of a dollar devalued by 50 per cent.—if only it will be stabilised.

* * *

We cannot believe in a spiral inflation in America leading to a dollar depreciation after the style of the old German mark. But if British investors holding dollar securities do not take one of the courses outlined on this page last week they will be foolish. Incidentally, a number of exchanges from foreign dollar bonds into sterling foreign bonds of similar security are possible if the holders do not care to sell dollars forward. For example:

Foreign Dollar Bonds.	New York Price.	English Equivalent Price.†	Annual Yield %.	Possible Sterling Exchange.	London Price.	Annual Yield %.
German Rentenbank 6%, 1960.	50½ flat	48	8.57*	Hamburg 6% 1926	47½	8.42*
Rhine-Westphalia Elec. Power 6%, 1952.	52 flat	49¾	9.04*	Berlin 6% 1927	40	11.25*
Saxon Public Works 6%, 1927.	54 flat	51⅜	8.71*	German 5½% 1930	65¾	8.36

† Exchange at 5.23.

*The interest on these German bonds is being paid as to 50 per cent. in cash and 50 per cent. in scrip, the scrip being discountable at 50 per cent. of its face value. Therefore, the holders are in effect receiving 75 per cent. of the value of their coupons, the yield being worked out on this basis. The full interest is being paid on the German 5½ per cent.

The unfortunate investment trusts which are prevented by their articles of association from selling dollars forward or borrowing dollars against sterling collateral have no option but to indulge in such exchanges.

* * *

The Stockholders Investment Trust is not the first of the post-war investment trusts to default (partially) on its preference stocks dividends. The income of all investment trusts is still falling. Defaults on foreign bonds are still continuing, the conversion of British loan stocks and debentures to a lower rate of interest is in full swing, and the advantage which the American exchange had given the British holder of dollar securities up to quite recently has been lost. These unfavourable factors more than offset the increasing dividends on British ordinary shares which should follow the improvement in trade in this country. Unless the investment trusts can convert their own debentures to a lower interest basis the era of cheap money may permanently impair the earning power of their equity stocks. The plight of the "management" investment trusts gives a unique opportunity to the managements of the fixed trust to publish abroad their own peculiar attractions. Undoubtedly the tendency is for the "management" trust to become more of a fixed affair (by virtue of their market losses) and for the fixed trusts to become more of a management affair (by virtue of more enlightened trust deeds). The fixed trust holds nothing but equity shares. If it is lucky enough to be formed at about the beginning of an upward phase in the trade cycle, it will offer the investor the certainty of capital appreciation—not necessarily as much appreciation as he can himself obtain by wise personal investment, but greater appreciation than he can obtain from the equity of a "management" investment trust whose holdings are distributed over all classes and grades of securities. Moreover, the small investor in buying the sub-units of a fixed trust can distribute his risks—which otherwise he cannot do with the limited capital at his disposal. Of course, when the upward phase of the trade cycle is nearing its end the holder of fixed trust sub-units must sell out. As soon as the trend of equity share earnings turns downward the fixed "equity" trusts hold no attraction. For the moment they are fortunately placed. We shall no doubt see additions to the fixed trust list in the near future, but the Second British Fixed Trust appears as the star of the first magnitude in the fixed trust firmament. It was formed in December, 1932, and its Trust Deed enables the management to sell any share which in their opinion is "economically unsound" or "undesirable" by reason of a diminution of profits. Its sub-units are quoted at 26*s.* 9*d.* to yield £4 4*s.* 6*d.* gross on "dividends" of 10.165*d.* net.

* * *

Preference shareholders are now waging a defensive war. The latest attack upon their "irredeemable" sanctity is the proposal of the Union Cold Storage Company to reduce the dividend rate on their 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. preference shares by 1 per cent., and on the 10 per cent. preference shares by 3 per cent., and to give in exchange 2*s.* in cash in respect of each 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. preference share, and 6*s.* in cash on each 10 per cent. preference share. The company's circular pointed out that, if the cash were invested to purchase a temporary annuity on a 5 per cent. interest basis, the shareholders' income would be maintained at the formal level for nearly nineteen years. These figures were correct, but the argument was specious. The real effect was that the shareholder would receive £10 free of tax for £1 of dividend in perpetuity given up, and consequently would be selling to the company a part of his investment on a 10 per cent. free of tax yield basis. The independent preference shareholders opposed these terms, but a poll was demanded at the meeting on Wednesday of this week. In recent reconstruction schemes, the preference shareholders have been treated with more respect. United Molasses made a very fair offer, the 6 per cent. preference shares of £1 being converted into 10*s.* of 6 per cent. cumulative unsecured income debenture stock and 10*s.* of 6 per cent. cumulative preference stock (irredeemable) and the arrears of dividend funded in 4 per cent. cumulative funded income stock which can be sold at 95 per cent. (the present market price of the old preference shares is 22*s.*).

* * *

In the case of the Richard Thomas reconstruction, the chairman has outlined a tentative scheme which also appears favourable to preference shareholders. Richard Thomas are now believed to be making big money. The Welsh tinplate business is known to be doing very much better, while the Redbourn steel works, for many years past the company's white elephant, have been restarted under an arrangement with the Whitehead Iron and Steel of Newport, which has contracted to take at least 50 per cent. of the production. The company has outstanding £3,120,346 6½ per cent. (tax free) preference shares on which arrears of dividend from March 31st, 1926, amounted on March 31st, 1933, to £1,419,757. Under the tentative scheme the preference shares will receive £2,000,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares, £1,120,346 6 per cent. non-cumulative preferred ordinary shares, and in satisfaction of the arrears of dividend £1,419,757 ordinary shares at par ranking *pari passu* with the substantially reduced existing ordinary shares. The ordinary shares are virtually squeezed out, over 80 per cent. of the equity going to the preference shareholders. Richard Thomas preference shares are at present quoted at 22*s.* 4½*d.* and, although the reconstruction scheme has not yet been finally settled, there are reports circulating in the market which would make them worth at least 27*s.* Everything depends, of course, on the value to be assigned to the new equity shares.

World Copyright Strictly Reserved